STUD BOOK.
James Bathgate, at
t by Am. Eclipse, out
g Matilda, by Duroc,
digree as certified etc.,
a horse bred by Brad-
, dam by Sportsman,
Seaman, of Hempstead,
red by Braddock Sea-
s got by Bold Britton,
orth Hempstead, L. I.,
by Captain, and Cap-

red by me, was got by
nsley) as above.
OMAS LYNCH this day.
JAMES BATHGATE.

RSE.
, the 25th of April, 1837.
at each, forfeit $100, Mile
asshopper
n by Eclipse.
venge
subscription $100 each, p.p.
the post.
ns,

at the Eagle Hotel, before 3
e started, punctually, at 12
d the vicinity, warrants us in
as far, has operated so much
postponement of their usual
y in June.
O. BAILEY, Secretary.
published in the United States
, and at the Tontine House.

, 1837.
th of May, and continue four
year olds, $300 entrance, $100
ut of the dam of Robin Hood.
of Experiment, by Rattler.
an, (W. Livingston's).
ie Cropper.
r colts and fillies then three
ahannock: $100 entrance, $50
and close 1st May.
s, ent. $30.
nt. $3
ts, free only for nags bred or
Two mile heats, ent. $100, 3 or
to the race.
fect order. Ample provisions
the course. Good stables
for those who may want.
will please address the proprie-
S. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

E RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.
ts the entire interest in this
ept that with *Kathleen* and *Lin-*
ning, I have determined to allow
ason. As Rodolph will be posi-
e his produce can secure the
to Robert Wooding, at Natchez.
store and grain can be obtained
Pharsalia Race Track, or at the
an, to keep up his life and vigor
day, which will make him more
ot.

bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high,
ed Transport, dam by Moses.
o was by Imp. Medley, Cook's
ehy, out of Transport by Virgi-
tra; Virginius by Imp. Diomed,
p. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c.

PH.
n only 7 races, and won them all
und!! He lost the first heat he
his rider, as proven by his win-
me than his competitor won the

n stakes at Lexington. Two mile
e purse, in 2 heats, running the
eport, in which he was lamed, but

e
d Course, at Louisville, won the
kest heat ever run by any horse

se without an effort, in 2 heats, at
Two mile race. At Lexington he
him the 2d heat.
orite and chosen champion of that
He distanced, with great ease,
dmiring thousands. From Louis-
r Burbridge) intended running him
th characteristic generosity, de-
lub that no entries would be made

gentleman who has witnessed his
as always passed his fleetest com-
ers have never yet been guilty of
o I ever intend running him faster
rting him in his last race. If any
e will be very much astonished if
for a race. I never expect to see
eve the horse lives that can beat
OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

n to the West Indies, and am now
e, corner of Broadway and Cham-
JOHN BURDELL.

R SALE.
r, Queen's County, Long Island.
ces
Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by
(by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of
4, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse;
Gulnare.
Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which
ease, Black Maria, over the Union
ary, dam Gulnare, by Duroc
out of Sportsmistress. He is a full
n N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck,
d.) was got by Talma, out of Dove,
oung Romp; he is very promising.
Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of
er the Union Course, First Spring
re. He is engaged in a stake to be
ance, $250 forfeit.
l be sold at auction, during the last
notice will be given. For informa-
scriber. T. PEARSALL.
Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at
THOS. PEARSALL.

ES.
will commence the 1st Tuesday, 2d
Ent. $300, ft. $100. 18 subs.
the dam of Medoc.
n and Henry
nd Nullifier.
Eclipse
Andrew
Henry
Henry
Sir Charles
dam and Bashall
Light foot, dam Fairy Slouch.
veer's Pacolet mare.
m Gulnare
full sister to Gohanna.
and Sir Charles
he mare.
ndrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
h and Henry.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS
DAVID H. BRANCH.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES ARE OPEN to come off over the above Course:—

1. Sweepstakes. Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money, to come off the first week in May. Sub. $50, h. ft., and $50 added by the Proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes. Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over $50. To come off the 1st week in May. Sub. $100, h. ft., with $100 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

Both of the above Sweepstakes will be closed on the 22d inst. at 9 o'clock, P. M., at Randall Smith's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre, New York. Nominations to be made in writing addressed to the Proprietor, at the above place.

JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence over the above course the 3d Wednesday, 17th of May, and continue three days, for which the following Purses will be offered:—

FIRST DAY.—A Purse of $300, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse of $100.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $300, Three mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a PACING SWEEPSTAKES, under the saddle, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, No distance, sub. $25 and $50 added by the Proprietor. To close on the 1st day of the meeting. Three or more to make a race.

Centreville, L. I., April 14, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

☞ The Winner of either of the three Sweepstakes advertised in this paper will be excluded from entering for the two $100 purses advertised above. J. C.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837–38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. I. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838–39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839–40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840–41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841–42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Washington Course, D. C., Spring meeting, 1837, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d May, and continue four days.

First Day.—First Race.—Post Stake, Three mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, for 4 year olds, Spring, 1837; to close 10th April.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson
2. Col. James M. Selden
3. Capt. John Heth
4. James S. Garrison.

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837; five subs. and closed.

Francis Thompson enters the get of Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper.
T. R. S. Boyce enters b f by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
Gibson Mallory enters James C. Corbin's Eclipse colt.
James S. Garrison enters ch c by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White, by Sir Archie.
Geo. L. Stockett enters gr c by Medley, dam by Richmond.

Second Day.—First Race—A Sweepstake race, $500 entrance, $150 forfeit, Mile heats, with colts and fillies, 3 years old, Spring, 1837; six subs. and closed.

W. J. Stratton enters bl c by Mercury, dam by Florizel.
John E. Dorsey enters b f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles.
T. R. S. Boyce names b c by Imp. Apparition, dam by Diomed.
John Heth names gr f Gift, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.
James S. Garrison enters bl c Scipio, by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie.
Mr. Booker enters b c by Zinganee.

Second Race—Washington Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; subscription depending on the number of subs.

Third Day.—First Race.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats, $20 ent.

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, now open, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837, Mile heats, entrance $100, forfeit $50, confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland bred colts; to name and close 15th April; three or more to make a race.

Fourth Day.—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, $30 ent.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the Post Stake at Washington City and the Sweepstakes at Maryland and District of Columbia bred colts, will in my absence, address Mr. John Forde, Jr., Norfolk, Va., with their entries. JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter.

[F11-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

☞ The Editors of the Globe and National Intelligencer, Washington, are requested to give the above two weeks' insertion, from the 20th of Feb. and also from the 25th March until the day of the races, twice a-week, and charge it to account of J. S. G.

TROTTING HORSE "AWFUL" FOR SALE.

THE very fast trotting horse "Awful," a bay gelding, 7 years old this Spring, 16 hands high, of fine action, and immense stride, perfectly sound, and kind in harness, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Awful is a thoroughbred horse, and comes off a good stock on both sides. Awful has trotted a mile under the saddle, upon the public Trotting Course, under two minutes forty seconds. He is so well known, by his performances on the Centreville and other courses, as to render any detail of his performances unnecessary. For terms apply to ISAAC ANDERSON, Jr.,

New York, Feb. 22, 1837. [F22-tf.] No. 65 Watts-street.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

A PREMIUM of $15 will be paid to any person or persons who will catch and deliver 200 rats alive to the subscriber. Notice must be given a few days before the required number will be ready. [A8] JOHN BROWN, 23 Madison-st.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance $5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance 2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*. . . . $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. . 1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 11.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several orders relative to the English Sporting Magazines have been received, and also for some Sporting works, that will be attended to.

A *Second* report of the Macon (Ga.) Races reached us by the general mail of Friday, from M. R. S. Esq., who has our thanks for his courtesy.

Several communications received by Friday's mail, will appear in our next.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 121 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 29.—Last night but one of Mdlle. Augusta's Engagement.—PAUL PRY, and LA BAYADERE.

MONDAY, May 1—Last night but Three of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley's Engagement.—JULIA, or THE FORCED MARRIAGE—and DON GIOVANI.

TUESDAY, May 2—Last night but Two of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley's Engagement.—LOVE & REASON, DRAGON, and other eetertainments.

WEDNESDAY, May 3—Mdlle. Augusta's Benefit.—LA BAYADERE, and other entertainments.

THURSDAY, May 4—Last night but One of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley's Engagement.—THE YEOMAN'S DAUGHTER, and other entertainments.

FRIDAY, May 5.—Mr. Keeley's Benefit.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7½.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 29.—Mr. Ingersoll's Benefit.—JULIUS CÆSAR, in which Messrs. Scott, Eaton, J. Adams, and Ingersoll, will appear.

MONDAY, May 1.—THE GRATEFUL LION, in which Coney and Blanchard play, and THE GOLDEN FARMER.

TUESDAY, May 2.—MOB THE OUTLAW, and THE GRATEFUL LION.

WEDNESDAY, May 3.—THE GRATEFUL LION, and OURANG OUTANG.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commence at 7. Boxes 50 cts.; Pit 25 cts.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

D. D. McKINNEY, of the firm of Dean & McKinney, Managers of the Eagle Street Theatre, Buffalo, and of the Theatres in Detroit, Columbus, Cleveland, and Rochester, will be in New York on or about the 20th instant, and will be happy to receive proposals from ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, for engagements in the above named theatres. All communications (post paid) will be duly attended to.

Buffalo, April 7, 1837. [A15-tf.]

CAMP STREET THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE proprietor of this establishment and the Western Theatres, informs the Ladies and gentlemen of the Histrionic art, that in July he will be in New York, for the purpose of forming engagements for his ensuing season. Applications from persons of talent will meet with prompt attention; in the mean time he begs leave to state that Mr. John Povey, Park Theatre, is his authorized agent, and is fully empowered to negotiate for him. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to him at all times, and to the proprietor till the middle of May.

New Orleans, March 29, 1837. [A15-1t] RICHARD RUSSELL.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the packet ship *George Washington*, which sailed from Liverpool on the 24th March, we have *not* received *our* usual files of papers and magazines, but those of some other unfortunate devil, who probably has ours instead of his own. A pilot boat brought us one package, and another has since been received from the Post Office, directed legibly enough to our address, but instead of containing our files of London papers, such as the Age, Satirist, Sunday Times, Centaur, Bell's Life, and Figaro in London, the packages were mostly made up of Irish provincial papers, "of no use to any person but the owner," as they say of lost memorandums, when "strayed or stolen." We shall be happy to exchange any quantity of Ballyshannon Gazettes, Waterford Chronicles, and Enniskillen Couriers for the above, "and no questions asked." A friend has loaned us a copy of Bell's Life and the York Herald, from which we make the following extracts, and from which we learn with much regret that *Bay Middleton* and *Preserve* have been so lamed in training, that faint hopes are entertained of their ever recovering sufficiently to come again upon the turf.

Lord Jersey's *Bay Middleton* has gone lame, and is not likely to appear again as a racer. Mr. Greville's *Preserve*, recently put into training, after twelve months rest, is also lame. Both are in the Ascot Cup. Bell's L. in Lon., Mar. 19.

SKELETON OF BLACKLOCK.—The remains of this celebrated race horse, the property of Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, have recently been disinterred, and his bones articulated. The skeleton is in the possession of Mr. Watt, who has displayed great taste in ordering it to be prepared. A worn out hack, or diminutive pony, may be met with in almost any museum, but the skeleton of one of the very best horses that England has ever produced is a decided treasure, and deserving alike the study of the breeder, the naturalist, and sportsman.

"*The Lieutenant*" is sold to go to the East Indies.

The Earl of Uxbridge, while out with the King's hounds a few days since, killed a valuable hunter, said to be worth five hundred guineas, while taking a leap near Blackwood, on Iver-heath.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club open their season on Thursday next by their usual trip down the river. Greenwich will be the rendezvous for the yachts, and the Commodore, we hear, will hoist his flag on board the Princess Victoria.

A GOOD SHOT.—As Mr. Mackenzie, jr. of Kilcoy, was on Monday last returning from Foyers and Glenmorriston, where he had been roe shooting while driving down the side of Loch Ness, having already shot a roe, he discovered another in the lake at a considerable distance, its head being just visible in the expanse of waters. The sportsman leaped from his carriage and discharged a shot at the animal, which wounded it in the head; he then undressed, and swimming to the spot, returned with the game in tow, which he brought with him to Inverness. Mr. Mackenzie was on this occasion accompanied by Lieutenant Otter, one of the officers of the Coast Survey, at present in this quarter, and Mr. W. Grant, who were not a little gratified at winessing the dexterity and intrepidity of the young sportsman.

EPSOM RACES.—We understand that Mr. Briscoe, the lord of the manor of Epsom, has let the collection on the Downs at the ensuing races, and that £450, the bulk of the profits arising from it, have been handed over to Baron de Teissier, of Woodcote Park, the resident steward, to be run for at the next Spring meeting; much additional sport is, therefore, anticipated. We hear also, that the stewards have considerably improved the race-course, and that the contractor for the booth tents (Mr. Barnard, of Epsom) has made a convenient improvement on the lower side of the course near the winning-post by raising the ground sufficiently for three rows of carriages to stand within the rails, those in the rear being placed the highest, whereby an excellent view of the races will be given to the spectators in every carriage. While the "Grand Stand" affords such ample accommodation, and such an admirable view, however, the elite of fashion will no doubt, as usual, congregate there.

CROXTON PARK RACES.—These once celebrated Races are again likely to be carried on with their original splendour and spirit. There will be two capital racing days, April 5th and 6th, and from the great attraction of the Granby Handicap, for a sum of upwards of four hundred pounds, we have no doubt, should the weather permit, there will be a numerous attendance. We also perceive that the old favorite stake of the fox-hunters and farmers, the Billesdown Coplow, amounts this year to a considerable sum, and no doubt will be well contested.

THE TURF—*Racing Season.*—Bell's Life in London, of Sunday, March 19, contained a complete List of every horse in training at Newmarket, with the names of the trainers, specifying such as are entered for the Derby and Oak.

TATTERSALL'S, MARCH 1.

The Derby betting was languid at the commencement of the month, owing to the absence of many speculators; it improved materially about the third week, became quite brisk, and was marked by several important changes at the close. In our last number we alluded to the retrogression of Defender, and his recovery;—subsequently the former movement was confirmed, and for the last fortnight or three weeks he has figured so low as at 20 and 25 to 1. It is worthy of remark, however, that notwithstanding roaring, blindness, capped houghs, bad heels, and the many other complaints with which rumor has afflicted him, there are still two or three (connected immediately or remotely with the stable) who every now and then put on a trifle either outright or in conjunction with other horses. Jereed and Brother to Bay Middleton took "turn and turn" for the premiership till within a few days of our going to press, when they became nearly even favorites, Jereed having a little the best of it. Phantasima was in much favor up to the latter end of the month, when it was hinted that he was not quite so fit as could be desired by his friends; who, as a natural consequence, became rather shy of backing him—his decline, however, is so slight as scarcely to be perceptible. Wintonian, Mango, and Dardanelles are a shade worse in the odds, but scarcely so in actual favor, the increased amount of the odds betted against them being the result of the large sums laid out upon Caravan, Mahometan, and Troilus, whose partisans have amazingly increased in number and confidence. At a moderate calculation Mahometan cannot have been backed to win less than fifty or sixty thousand pounds, and quite enough has been "booked" by the "Caravan" to ensure its arrival at Epsom. Hybiscus, Clifton, Cartoon, and Glider, were in good places early in the month, but, like many others, have suffered from the advance of the trio just spoken of. Flare-up has burnt-out, and Pocket Hercules gone to the right-about. A noble lord has taken 1000 to 10 several times over about three outsiders in John Day's stable, viz.: Chadlington (ran Defender to a head, and has since been cut,) Mustee, and Victoria colt, the last two being "dark." The Oaks is almost a dead letter, and the Portland handicap a very poor betting race compared to the one last year.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1837.

STATE OF THE ODDS, MARCH 19.

Monday's betting was confined to three or four horses, but was not destitute of interest. Jereed was backed at 7 to 1 for a couple of hundred pounds, and left off considerably in advance of Brother to Bay Middleton, whose friends were not by any means fond; in fact, it was hinted that he had had a spin, and did not come off so well as was expected. We have quoted him at 9½ to 1, but had there been any disposition to back him, we have no doubt that higher odds might have been obtained. Hybiscus made a rapid advance, two or three hundreds being laid out at 25, 22, and 20 to 1. A reference to the Monday's prices will show that no other change occurred. On Thursday Jereed was again in force at half a point less than on Monday, and 1000 to 100 was betted against Brother to Bay Middleton; no other bet was made outright about him, nor did there appear to be any particular feeling either for or against him. Benedict came very strongly into the market—first at 14, and lastly at 12 to 1, no one venturing to bid more than 11 to 1 at the close. Hybiscus was again backed at 20 to 1, and Mahometan for a hundred at 17 to 1, the same price that was taken on Monday. The others have scarcely varied from the odds given in our last paper, nor has business generally been at all extensive. Cartoon ruptured a blood-vessel in the head on Friday week, but is doing well.

MONDAY.		DERBY.	THURSDAY.	
7 to 1 agst.	(taken)	Jereed	13 to 2 agst.	——
9½ to 1 ——	——	Bro. to Bay Middleton	10 to 1 ——	(tak)
13 to 1 ——	——	Benedict	11 to 1 ——	——
16 to 1 ——	——	Mango	16 to 1 ——	——
17 to 1 ——	(taken)	Mahometan	17 to 1 ——	(tak)
20 to 1 ——	——	Caravan	20 to 1 ——	——
20 to 1 ——	(taken)	Hybiscus	20 to 1 ——	(tak)
20 to 1 ——	——	Dardanelles	23 to 1 ——	(tak)
21 to 1 ——	——	Troilus	23 to 1 ——	(tak)
——	——	Wintonian	22 to 1 ——	(tak)
33 to 1 ——	——	Flare-up	33 to 1 ——	——
33 to 1 ——	(taken)	Clifton	——	——
——	——	Norgrove	35 to 1 ——	(tak)
40 to 1 ——	——	Capulet	40 to 1 ——	——

The following bets were laid on Monday:—600 to 500 on Lord Exeter's lot against Lord Jersey's lot; 1000 even between Flare-up and Lord Stafford; 200 even between Defender and Flare-up; 400 to 20 against Bequest, Brother to Mouche, and Rococo; and 1200 to 100 against Troilus and Hybiscus.

Laid on Thursday:—800 to 200 against Jereed and Brother to Bay Middleton, (taken); 1000 to 100 against Mango and Defender, (taken); 1000 to 50 against Capulet and Defender, (taken); 1000 to 800 on Mahometan and Benedict against Jereed, (taken); and 500 even between Caravan and Hybiscus, (taken).

Betting at Manchester.—Thursday.

CHESTER TRADES' CUP, P. P., ACCEPT OR NOT.

7 to 2 agst.	General Chasse	15 to 1 agst.	Black Diamond
7 to 1 ——	Sylvan	16 to 1 ——	Philip
10 to 1 ——	Tanworth	25 to 1 ——	Master of the Rolls
10 to 1 ——	Stockport	25 to 1 ——	Hampton
10 to 1 ——	Whaley	25 to 1 ——	Vesper
15 to 1 ——	Traveller	25 to 1 ——	Diana
15 to 1 ——	Bubastes	100 to 3 ——	Latona and Flora

Races to Come.

Pytchley Hunt, Mar.	28	Epsom	May 23	Lewes	Aug. 16
Bibury Spring	29	Reigate	30 or 31	York	16
Catterick Bridge	29	York	31	Wolverhampton	16
Bedford Spring	30	Ascot	June 6	Northampton	30 or 31
Malton April	6	Newton	14	Warwick	Sept. 5
Newmarket	10	Newcastle	19	Leicester	13
Abergavenny	12	Bath	20 or 21	Abingdon	13
Bath Spring	19	Newmarket	July 11	Doncaster	18
Newmarket	24	Liverpool	18	Walsall	27
Chester May	1	Lancaster	25	Lincoln	27
Bristol and Clifton	2	Knutsford	26	Heaton Park	27
Royston	4	Goodwood	Aug. 1	Newmarket	Oct. 3
Newmarket	9	Worcester	1	Ditto	16
Liverpool	10	Pottery	8	Holywell Hunt	24
Manchester	17	Brighton	9	Newmarket	30
St. Alban's	17				

Tavistock takes place the first week in June, Blandford the week after Salisbury, and Gloucester the week after Cheltenham. Goodwood are not positively fixed. Durham takes place the week after Malton.

The stride of a good-sized race horse, say from 15 h. 3 in. to 16 h., averages about 21 feet.

Did Townsend or Berry go 9 miles within an hour in their match to Brighton?—Berry did certainly.

We can discover no disqualification to the persons described by a Dublin correspondent as "a gentleman rider." According to the practice in this country, any person not a servant or a public jockey, may ride as "a gentleman rider," unless disqualified by some act which would exclude him from the society of gentlemen. Among sportsmen there is a great latitude in the use of the word "gentleman."

Six of Lord Fitzwilliam's mares passed through this city, last week, on their road to Mr. Allen's, of the Lodge, near Malton, to be put to Belshazzar.

TROTTING.—On Friday week a brown mare 14 1-2 hands high, the property of Mr. C. Durrant, started to perform on the Sunbury-road, and carry 12 stone, 14 miles within the hour. Mr. Harden, the veterinary surgeon, of Richmond, umpire. She was admirably ridden by Mr. Durrant, but owing to the immense crowd at Hampton, she broke three times in the last half mile, which lost her the match by 38 seconds. She is now the property of Mr. Hammond, and open to trot any thing of her height on appliation at the King's Head Tavern, Richmond.

Steeple Chace for One Hundred Sovereigns.

The most interesting match that has been witnessed in Scotland for many years took place on Tuesday week, about four miles from Currie, in consequence of a challenge given by Mr. John Laing to Mr. John Rogers—the former to run his horse *Snowball*, aged six years, against Mr. Rogers's *Rob Roy*, aged 13 years—each to ride his own horse, carrying 12 stone; distance four miles, over a dreadfully heavy country. The horses came to the post about 2 o'clock, both looking in excellent condition, and evidently intent on mischief; however, Snowball was by many considered the favorite of the day. The signal being given, Rob took the lead at a slashing pace, and fell at the first fence, a rasper, which was cleared in fine style by Snowball, who now took advantage, and led away at too good a pace to be maintained. Rogers however, soon remounted, and kept at some distance from his adversary, but evidently knowing what he was about. On reaching the third fence, Rogers and Rob had another roll.—Here most of his friends began to despair; but his rider being game to the bone, was soon in his saddle, and made great play in the lane, and coming up the hill, gained quickly on Snowball, who was now much distressed; still many thought it was no use in Rogers attempting so late in the day, especially when, coming through the plantation, at the third fence from home, the old horse again lost his legs, and made a complete somerset. Snowball was then at the last fence into the winning field. Old Rob Roy, now appearing, as it were ashamed of himself, tried his utmost to retrieve his character, cleared the last two fences over a lane in a couple of strides, overtook his adversary within twenty yards of the winning post, passed, and beat him by three lengths;—thus winning his second steeple chace this month, and showing what may be done by judgment and good riding.

Glasgow Herald.

BLOOD FOALS.—A few days since, *Mantilla*, sister to Green Mantle, dropped a fine colt foal by Velocipede; and *Mopsa*, the dam of Fieschi, produced twin foals, (a colt and filly,) both of which are since dead; the mares to be put this season to Tomboy.—Mr. Bowes's mare *Tesane* produced a very good filly foal by Tomboy on Saturday week; and his Confederate mare, out of Clinkerina, a splendid powerful colt by Tomboy, on Tuesday week. The mares are all at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster. *Chapeau de Paille* produced a fine colt foal by Langar, at Ainderby Steeple, on Thursday fortnight, where she is to be put to Velocipede. Lately, Chorister's dam produced a good colt foal by Tomboy at Middleham. The well known brood mare *Annot Lyle* has produced a fine filly by Langar; Lord Derby's *Wagtail* a filly by Olympus; and Mr. Watt's *Fanchon*, sister to Lapdog, a filly by Belshazzar. All the three mares are at Voltaire's Paddocks.

SHOOTING.—When Macready was playing *William Tell*, in an obscure country town, he was tantalized more than usual in drilling those persons who had the little parts to play; but his greatest trouble was to make a gentleman speak two words in something like a civilized manner. The character this worthy represented has, in Tell's inquiry, "Do you shoot?" to reply "I do." The tragedian thought he had succeeded in making him able to deliver this simple sentence in a way to save the scene from being laughed at; but judge his consternation, when at night, he answered him in these words—"Shoot! Bless ye, master, I brings down scores of larks!"

COCKNEY GULLS.—The *Lincoln Gazette* compliments the Cockneys on their taste and judgment after the following fashion:—"No class of people are more easily gulled. For the last eight or nine months they have been running mad to see a man named Rice, from America, perform the part of a negro called 'Jim Crow,' in which he jumps about the stage and performs a variety of no-meaning antics, about equal in effect to the absurdities of a clown upon a penny show. Somebody said he was clever, and then everybody said he was, and because everybody said so, everybody laughed, and from laughing at 'Jim Crow,' everybody sung 'Jim Crow,' which is as wretched a farago of balderdash as ever was strung together. The Cockneys are just coming to their senses, and they now wonder how it is they could have been so stupidly gulled."

Mr. Richard Leader, of Oxford, is open to throw a stone with any man in England for £25 or £50 aside; he will allow his opponent to throw what weight he likes, and he will choose his weight.

Mr. Thompson's brood mare, *the Nun*, foaled a very fine colt, a few days ago, by Belshazzar.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—The contemplated match between the veteran Townshend against a man to be named by Frank Redmond, for £100 a-side, to pick up three hundred stones, a yard apart, and place them in a basket at the end of the distance, the former with his mouth, and the latter with his hands, was made at Tom Spring's, on Wednesday evening, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the admirers of pedestrian feats. The match is to come off on Wednesday, the 17th of May, the week before Epsom races, in an enclosed ground within twenty miles of London, and as the distance, independent of turning, is calculated at rather more than fifty one miles; the task will be one of no small difficulty and labor, especially to Townshend, who will have to stoop to the ground to take up every stone in his mouth, and thus convey it to its place of deposit. The time expected to be occupied is estimated at upwards of eleven hours, stoppages included. The match will, no doubt, lead to considerable speculation. The second deposit of £20 aside is to be made at Frank Redmond's, at the George and Dragon, Greek street, Soho, on Wednesday evening next, when Redmond is to name his man.

A JOCKEY EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Brooks observed the other day, a rat running across his yard, apparently in great alarm, with a load upon its back, which he presently discovered to be a large toad. Mr. Croaker, notwithstanding the speed of his racer, kept his seat extremely well, and "took" what many jockies of greater pretensions sometimes refuse, a stone wall. The rat was pursued and taken, but the toad maintained a firm hold to the last, and could with difficulty be removed.

Northampton Chronicle.

SUPERIOR OX.—We understand, that Mr. Miller, of Spofforth, near Wetherby, has purchased of Mr. Wiley, his celebrated three year old short-horned Ox, which was exhibited at our fair on Thursday last, and was universally admitted to combine the greatest quantity of prime beef, with the least offal, that has been shown in our market for some time. It exhibits, in the clearest light, the advantage of the pure short-horned breed over any other, as he is supposed to weigh upwards of 100 stone, and was sold for 9s. per stone.

EXTRAORDINARY FECUNDITY.—Last week, Mr. Sadler, of Sowerby, near Thirsk, had a ewe lambed five lambs, all alive; and on Tuesday morning last, Mr. Andrew, of the Three Tuns Hotel, Thirsk, had a cow calved two calves, having had six within the short period of three years and two months, viz. three bulls and three heifers.

A PROLIFIC EWE.—It is a somewhat extraordinary fact, that an ewe, belonging to Mr. John Hyde, of Argam, brought forth four lambs at her 10th shear. Her produce in the whole has been 22.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.—Mr. Ackermann has added another to his long list of graphic illustrations of sporting anecdotes, taken from the Sporting Magazine. The present is entitled "A real Scene in Montreal," and shews in humorous reality the impediments offered to an English huntsman, his followers, and fox-hounds, by a Canadian Squatter and his "corps domestique." The contrast of character is highly ludicrous, and the surrounding scenery, and natural spirit of men, horses, and dogs, are admirably preserved.

DEATH OF JOHN FAWCETT.—It is with regret that we have to announce the death of this eminent actor, who expired at Botley, in Hampshire, on Sunday last, in his 69th year.

The anniversary of the Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund Institution, was held last night at the Freemason's Tavern; and although the room was not so crowded as we have seen it on former occasions, there was a highly respectable assemblage of the friends of the drama present. The number at the table was about 200, and the galleries were filled with ladies. It was expected that Lord Francis Egerton would take the chair, but his Lordship being prevented by illness from attending, his place was ably occupied by Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. In the course of the evening Mr. Harley delivered his annual address, as master and Treasurer of the institution. Some excellent speeches were made by the Chairman, Mr. Bunn, Mr. T. D. Rice, (Jim Crow,) and other gentlemen.

According to the Journal de Paris, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours are on the point of coming to London on the invitation of the King of England, and will visit the principal towns of the kingdom.

LADY IMOGEN RAVELGOLD'S ROMANCE

BY N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

"What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds! or to be smother'd quick
With cassia; or be shot to death with pearls?"
Duchess of Malfy.

"I've been i' the Indies twice, and seen strange things;
But two honest women! *one* I read of once!" *Rule a Wife.*

It was what is called by people on the Continent a "London day." A thin grey mist drizzled down through the smoke which darkened the long cavern of Fleet-street; the side-walks were slippery and clammy; the drays slid from side to side on the greasy pavement, creating a perpetual clamor among the lighter carriages with which they came in contact; the porters wondered that "gemmen" would carry their umbrellas up when there was no rain, and the gentlemen wondered that porters should be permitted upon the side-walk; there were passengers in box-coats though it was the first of May, and beggars with bare breasts though it was chilly as November; the boys were looking wistfully into the hosiers' windows, who were generally at the pastry-cooks'; and there were persons who wished to know the time, trying in vain to see the dial of St. Paul's through the gamboge atmosphere.

It was twelve o'clock, and a plain chariot with a simple crest on the pannels slowly picked its way through the choked and disputed thoroughfare, east of Temple-bar. The smart glazed hat of the coachman, the well-fitted drab great-coat and gaiters of the footman, and the sort of half-submissive, half-contemptuous look on both their faces (implying that they were bound to drive to the devil if it were Miladi's orders, but that the rabble of Fleet-street was a *lettle* to vulgar for their contact,) expressed very plainly that the lady within was a denizen of a more privileged quarter, but had chosen a rainy day for some compulsory visit to "the city."

At the rate of perhaps a mile an hour, the well-groomed night-horses (a pair of smart, hardy, twelve-mile cobs, all bottom but little style, kept for night-work and forced journeys,) had threaded the tortuous entrails of London, and arrived at the arch of a dark court in Throgmorton-street. The coachman put his wheels snug against the edge of the side-walk to avoid being crushed by the passing drays, and settled his many-caped benjamin about him, while the footman spread his umbrella, and making a balustrade of his arm for his mistress's assistance, a closely veiled lady descended and disappeared up the wet and ill-paved avenue.

The green baize door of Firkins and Co. opened on its silent hinges and admitted the mysterious visiter, who, inquiring of the nearest clerk if the junior partner was in, was shown to a small inner room, containing a desk, two chairs, a coal-fire, and a young gentleman. The last article of furniture rose on the lady's entrance, and as she threw off her veil he made her a low bow with the air of a gentleman who is neither surprised nor embarrassed, and pushing a-side the door-check they were left alone.

There was that forced complaisance in the lady's manner on her first entrance, which produced the slightest possible elevation in a very scornful lip owned by the junior partner; but the lady was only forty-five, high-born, and very handsome; and, as she looked at the fine specimen of Nature's nobility, who met her with a look as proud and yet as gentle as her own, the smoke of Fleet-street passed away from her memory, and she became natural and even gracious. The effect upon the junior partner was simply that of removing from his breast the shade of her first impression.

"I have brought you," said his visiter, drawing a card from her reticule, "an invitation to the Duchess of Hautaigle's ball. She sent me half a-dozen to fill up for what she calls 'ornamentals,' and I am sure I shall scarce find another who comes so decidedly under her grace's category."

The fair speaker had delivered this pretty speech in the sweetest and best-bred tone of St. James's, looking the while at the toe of the small *brodequin* which she held up to the fire, *perhaps* thinking only of drying it. As she concluded her sentence she turned to her companion for an answer, and was surprised at the impassive politeness of his bow of acknowledgment.

"I regret that I shall not be able to avail myself of your Ladyship's kindness," said the junior partner, in the same well-enunciated tone of courtesy.

"Then," replied the lady, with a smile, "Lord Augustus, who looks at himself all dinner-time in a spoon, will be the Apollo of the hour. What a pity such a handsome creature should be so vain! By the way, Mr. Firkins, you live without a looking-glass, I see."

"Your Ladyship reminds me that this is merely a place of business. May I ask at once what errand has procured me the honor of a visit on so unpleasant a day?"

A slight flush brightened the cheek and forehead of the beautiful woman, as she compressed her lips and forced herself to say, with affected ease, "the want of five hundred pounds."

The junior partner paused an instant, while the lady tapped with her boot upon the fender, in ill-dissembled anxiety, and then turning to his desk, he filled up the check without remark, presented it, and took his hat to wait on her to her carriage. A gleam of relief and pleasure shot over her countenance as she closed her small jewelled hand over it, followed immediately by a look of embarrassed inquiry into the face of the unquestioning banker.

"I am in your debt already——"

"Thirty thousand pounds, Madam."

"And for this you think the securities on the estate of Rochland——"

"Are worth nothing, Madam. But it rains. I regret that your Ladyship's carriage cannot come to the door. In the old-fashioned days of sedan chairs, the dark courts of Lothbury must have been more attractive than now. By the way, talking of Lothbury, there is Lady Roseberry's *fete champetre* next week. If you should chance to have a spare card——"

"Twenty, if you like. I am too happy—really, Mr. Firkins——"

"It's on the 15th. I shall have the honor of seeing your Ladyship there. Good morning!"

"Home!" cried the servant to the coachman.

"Does this man love me?" was Lady Ravelgold's first thought as she sank back in her returning chariot. "Yet, no! He was even rude in his haste to be rid of me. And I would willingly have stayed, too—for there is something about him of a mark I like; ay, and he must have seen it—for lighter encouragement has been interpreted more readily. Five hundred pounds! Really five hundred pounds! And thirty thousand at the back of it! What does he mean? Heavens, if he should be deeper than I thought! If he should wish to involve me first——"

And spite of the horror with which the thought was met in the mind of Lady Ravelgold, the blush over her forehead died away into a half smile and a brighter tint on her lips; and as the carriage wound slowly on through the confused press of Fleet street and the Strand, the image of the handsome and haughty young banker shut her eyes from all sounds without; and she was at her own door in Grosvenor Square before she had changed position, or wandered for half a moment from the subject of those busy dreams.

II.

The morning of the 15th of May seemed to have been appointed by all the flowers as a jubilee of perfume and bloom. The birds had been invited, and warbled in the summer with a welcome as full-throated as a prima donna singing down the tenor in a duet; the most laggard buds turned out their hearts to the sunshine, and promised leaves on the morrow; and that portion of London which had been invited to Lady Roseberry's *fete* thought it a very fine day. That portion which was not, wondered how people would go sweltering about in such a glare for a cold dinner!

At about half-past two, a very elegant dark-green cab, without a crest, and with a servant, in whose slight figure and plain blue livery there was not a fault, whirled out at the gate of the Regent's Park, and took its way up the well-watered road leading to Hampstead. The gentlemen whom it met, or passed, turned to admire the performance of the dark-gray horse, and the ladies looked after the cab, as if they could see the handsome occupant once more through its leather back. Whether by conspiracy among the coachmakers, or by an aristocracy of taste, the degree of elegance in a turn-out attained by the cab just described, is usually confined to the acquaintances of Lady ——; that list being understood to enumerate all the "nice young men" about town, besides Guardsmen. (The *ton* of the latter, in all matters that affect the style of the regiment, is looked after by the club and the colonel.) The junior Firkins seemed an exception to this exclusive rule. No "nice men" could come from Lothbury, and he did not visit Lady ——; but his horse was faultless, and when he turned into the gate of Rose-Eden, the policeman at the porter's lodge, though he did not know him, thought it unnecessary to ask for his name. Away he spattered up the hilly avenue, and giving the reins to his groom at the end of a green arbor leading to the reception lawn, he walked in, and made his bow to Lady Roseberry, who remarked, "how very handsome! Who can he be?" And the junior partner walked on, and disappeared down an avenue of laburnums.

Ah! but Rose-Eden looked a paradise that day! Hundreds had passed across the close-shaven lawn with a bow to the lady-mistress of this fair abode; yet the grounds were still private enough for Milton's pair—so lost were they in the green labyrinths of hill and dale. Some had descended through heavily-shaded paths to a fancy dairy, built over a fountain in the bottom of a cool dell; and here, amid her milk-pans of old and costly china, the prettiest maid in the country round, pattered about upon a floor of Dutch tiles, and served her visiters with creams and ices,—Arcady, as it were, adapted to fashionable comprehension. Some had strayed to the ornamental cottages in the skirts of the flower-garden—poetical abodes built from a picturesque drawing, with imitation roughness, thatch, lattice-window, and low paling, all complete—and inhabited by superannuated dependents of Lord Roseberry, whose only duties were to look like patriarchs, and give tea and new cream-cheese to visiters on *fete* days. Some had gone to see the silver and gold pheasants in the wire houses—stately aristocrats of the game-tribe, who carry the finely-pencilled feathers like "marmalet madams" strutting in hoop and farthingale. Some had gone to the kennels, to see setters and pointers, hounds and terriers, lodged like gentlemen, each breed in its own apartment—the puppies, as elsewhere, treated with most attention. Some were in the flower-garden, some in the green houses, some in the graperies, aviaries, and grottoes; and at the side of a bright sparkling fountain in the recesses of a fir-grove, with her foot upon its marble lip, and one hand on the shoulder of a small Cupid, who archly made a drinking-cup of his wing, and caught the bright water as it fell, stood Lady Imogen Ravelgold, the loveliest girl of nineteen that prayed night and morning within the circle of May-fair, listening to very passionate language from the young banker of Lothbury.

A bugle on the lawn rang a recall. From every alley, and by every path poured in the gay multitude, and the smooth sward looked like a plateau of animated flowers waked by magic from a broidery on green velvet. Ah! the beautiful *demi-toilettes!* so difficult to attain, yet, when attained, the dress most modest, most captivating, most worthy of the divine grace of woman. Those airy hats, sheltering from the sun, yet not enviously concealing a feature, or a ringlet that a painter would draw for his exhibition-picture! Those summary and shapely robes, covering the person more to show its outline better, and provoke more the worship, which, like all worship, is made more adoring by mystery! Those complexions which but betray their transparency in the sun; lips in which the blood is translucent when between you and the light; cheeks finer grained than alabaster, yet as cool in their virgin purity as a tint in the dark corner of a Ruysdael; the human race was less perfect in Athens in the days of Lais—in Egypt in the days of Cleopatra, than that day on the lawn of Rose-Eden.

Cart-loads of ribbons of every gay colour had been laced through the trees in all directions: and amidst every variety of foliage, and every shade of green, the tulip-tints shone vivid and brilliant, like an American forest after the first frost. From the left edge of the lawn, the ground suddenly sank into a dell, shaped like an amphitheatre, with a level platform at its bottom, and all around, above and below, thickened a shady wood. The music of a delicious band stole up from the recesses of a grove, dressed as an orchestra and green-room on the lower side; and while the audience disposed themselves in the shade of the upper grove, a company of players and dancing girls commenced their theatricals upon the green-sward stage below, and the Lady Imogen Ravelgold, who was separated, by a pine-tree only, from the junior partner, could scarce tell you when it finished, or what was the plot of the play.

The recall bugle sounded again, and the band wound away from the lawn, playing a gay march. Followed Lady Roseberry and her suite of gentlemen, followed dames and their daughters, followed all who wished to see the flight of my lord's falcons. By a narrow path and a wicket-gate, the long-music guided train stole out upon an open hill-side, looking down on a verdant and spreading meadow. The band played at a short distance behind the gay groups of spectators, and it was a pretty picture to look down upon the splendidly dressed falconer and his men, holding their fierce birds upon their wrists in their hoods and jesses,—a foreground of old chivalry and romance—while far beyond, extended like a sea over the horizon, the smoke-clad pinnacles of busy and everyday London. There are such contrasts for the eyes of the rich!

The scarlet-hood was taken from the trustiest falcon, and a dove, confined at first with a string, was thrown up and brought back to excite his attention. As he fixed his eye upon him, the frightened victim was let loose, and the falcon flung off. Away skimmed the dove in a low flight over the meadow, and up to the very zenith, in circles of amazing swiftness and power, sped the exulting falcon, apparently forgetful of his prey, and bound for the eye of the sun with his strong wings and his liberty. The falcon's whistle and cry were heard, the dove circled round the edge of the meadow in his wavy flight, and down with the speed of lightning shot the falcon, striking his prey dead to the earth before the eye could settle on his form. As the proud bird stood upon his victim, looking around with a lifted crest and fierce eye, Lady Imogen Ravelgold heard, in a voice, of which her heart knew the music, "They who soar highest, strike surest. The dove lies in the falcon's bosom."

The afternoon had, meantime, been wearing on, and at six, the "breakfast" was announced. The tents beneath which the tables were spread, were in different parts of the grounds, and the guests had made up their own parties. Each sped to his rendezvous, and, as the last loiterers disappeared from the lawn, a gentleman in a claret coat and a brown study found himself stopping to let a lady pass, who had obeyed the summons as tardily as himself. In a white chip hat, Hairvault's last, a few lilies of the valley laid among her raven curls beneath, a simple white robe, the *chef d'œuvre* of Victorine in style and *tournure*, Lady Ravelgold would have been the belle of the fete, but for her daughter.

"Well emerged from Lothbury!" she said, curtsying, with a slight flush over her features, but immediately taking his arm. "I have lost my party, and meeting you is opportune. Where shall we breakfast?"

There was a small tent standing invitingly open on the opposite side of the lawn, and by the fainter rattle of soup spoons from that quarter, it promised to be less crowded than the others. The junior partner would willingly have declined the proffered honour, but he saw at a glance that there was no escape, and submitted with a grace.

"You know very few people here," said his fair creditor, taking the bread from her napkin.

"Your Ladyship, and one other."

"Ah! we shall have dancing by and by, and I must introduce you to my daughter. By the way, have you no name from your mother's side? 'Firkins' sounds so very odd. Give me some prettier word to drink in this champagne."

"What do you think of Tremlet?"

"Too effeminate for your severe style of beauty; but it will do. Mr. Tremlet, your health. Will you give me a little of the 'pate' before you? Pray, if it is not indiscreet, how comes that classic, and, more surprising still, that distinguished look of yours, to have found no gayer destiny than the signing of Firkins and Co.' to notes of hand. Though I thought you became your den in Lothbury, upon my honour you look more at home here."

And Lady Ravelgold fixed her superb eyes upon the beautiful features of her companion, wondering partly why he did not speak, and partly why she had not observed before that he was incomparably the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

"I can regret no vocation," he answered, after a moment, "which procures me an acquaintance with your Ladyship's family.

"There is *arriere pensee* in that formal speech, Mr. Tremlet. You are insincere. I am the only one of my family whom you know, and what pleasure have you taken in my acquaintance? And now I think of it, there is a mystery about you, which, but for the noble truth written so legibly on your features, I should be afraid to fathom. Why have you suffered me to overdraw my credit so enormously, and without a shadow of a protest?"

When Lady Ravelgold had disburthened her heart of this direct question, she turned herself half round, and looked her companion in the face, with an intense interest, which produced upon her own features an expression of earnestness very uncommon upon their pale and impassive lines. She was one of those persons of little thought, who care nothing for causes or consequences, so the present difficulty is removed, or the present hour provided with its wings; but the repeated relief she had received from the young banker, when total ruin would have been the consequence of his refusal, and his marked coldness in his manner to her, had stimulated the utmost curiosity of which she was capable.—Her vanity, founded upon her high rank and great renown as a beauty, would have agreed that he might be willing to get her into his power at that price, had he been less agreeable in his own person, or more eager in his manner. But she had wanted money sufficiently to know that thirty thousand pounds are not a bagatelle, and her brain was busy till she discovered the equivalent he sought for it. Meantime her fear that he would turn out to be a lover grew rapidly into a fear that he would not.

Lady Ravelgold had been the wife of a dissolute earl who had died, leaving his estates inextricably involved. With no male heir to the title or property, and no very near relations, the beautiful widow had shut her eyes to the difficulties by which she was surrounded, and at the first decent moment after the death of her lord, she had re-entered the gay society of which she had been the bright and particular star, and never dreamed either of diminishing her establishment, or of calculating her possible income. The first heavy draft she made upon the house of Firkins and Co., her husband's bankers, had been returned with a statement of the Ravelgold debt and credit on their books, by which it appeared that Lord Ravelgold had overdrawn four or five thousand pounds before his death, and that, from some legal difficulties, nothing could be realised from the securities given on his estates. This bad news arrived on the morning of a *fête* to be given by the Russian ambassador, at which her only child, Lady Imogen, was to make her *début* in society. With the facility of disposition which was peculiar to her, Lady Ravelgold thrust the papers into her drawer, and determining to visit her banker on the following morning, threw the matter entirely from her mind, and made preparations for the ball.

With the Russian government, the house of Firkins & Co. had long carried on very extensive and fiscal transactions, and, in obedience to instructions from the Emperor, regular invitations for the embassy *fetes* were sent to their bankers—accepted occasionally by the junior partner only, who was generally supposed to be a natural son of old Firkins. Out of the banking-house he was known as Mr. Tremlet, and it was by this name, which was presumed to be his mother's, that he was casually introduced to Lady Imogen on the night of the *fete*, while she was separated from her mother in the dancing-room. The consequence was a sudden, deep, ineffaceable, passion in the bosom of the young banker, checked and silenced, but never lessened or chilled, by the recollection of his birth. The impression of his subdued manner, his worshipping yet most respectful tones, and the bright soul that breathed through his handsome features with his unusual excitement, was, to say the least, favorable upon Lady Imogen, and they parted on the night of the *fete* mutually aware of each other's preference.

On the following morning, Lady Ravelgold made her proposed visit to the city, and, inquiring for Mr. Firkins, was shown in as usual to the junior partner, to whom the colloquial business of the concern had long been intrusted.—To her surprise, she found no difficulty in obtaining the sum of money which had been refused her on the preceding day—a result which she attributed to her powers of persuasion, or to some new turn in the affairs of the estate; and for two years these visits had been repeated at intervals of three or four months, with the same success, though not with the same delusion as to the cause. She had discovered that the estate was worse than nothing, and that the junior partner cared little to prolong his *tetes-à-tetes* with her, and, up to the visit with which this tale opened, she had looked to every succeeding one with increased fear and doubt.

During these two years Tremlet had seen Lady Imogen occasionally at balls and public places, and every look they exchanged wove more strongly between them the subtle threads of love. Once or twice she had endeavored to interest her mother in conversation on the subject, with the intention of making a confidence of her feelings, but Lady Ravelgold, when not anxious was giddy with her own success, and the unfamiliar name never rested a moment on her ear—With this explanation to render the tale intelligible, "let us," as the French say, "return to our muttons."

Of the conversation between Tremlet and her mother, Lady Imogen was an unobserved and astonished witness. The tent which they had entered was large, with a *buffet* in the centre, and a circular table, waited on by servants, within the ring; and, just concealed by the drapery around the pole, sat Lady Imogen, with a party of her friends, discussing very seriously the threatened fashion of tight sleeves. She had half risen, when her mother entered, to offer her a seat by her side, but the sight of Tremlet, who immediately followed, had checked the words upon her lip, and, to her surprise, they seated themselves on the side that was wholly unoccupied, and conversed in a tone inaudible to all but themselves. Not aware that her lover knew Lady Ravelgold, she supposed that they might have been casually introduced, till the earnestness of her mother's manner, and a certain ease between them in the little courtesies of the table, assured her that this could not be their first interview. Tremlet's face was turned from her, and she could not judge whether he was equally interested, but she had been so accustomed to consider her mother as irresistible when she chose to please, that she supposed it of course; and very soon the heightened color of Lady Ravelgold, and the unwavering look of mingled admiration and curiosity which she bent upon the handsome face of her companion, left no doubt in her mind that her reserved and exclusive lover was in the dangerous toils of a rival whose powers she knew. From the mortal pangs of a first jealousy, Heaven send thee deliverance, fair Lady Imogen!

"We shall find our account in the advances on your Ladyship's credit," said Tremlet, in reply to the direct question that was put to him. "Meantime, permit me to admire the courage with which you look so disagreeable a subject in the face."

"For 'disagreeable subject,' read 'Mr. Tremlet.' I know my temerity more in that. *A-propos* of faces, yours would become the new fashion of cravat.—The men at Crockford's slip the ends through a ring of their lady love's—if they chance to have one,—thus!" And untying the loose knot of his black satin cravat, Lady Ravelgold slipped over the ends a diamond of small value, conspicuously set in pearls.

"The men at Crockford's," said Tremlet, hesitating to commit the rudeness of removing the ring, "are not of my school of manners. If I had been so fortunate as to inspire a lady with a preference for me, I should not advertise it on my cravat."

"But suppose the lady were proud of her preference, as dames were of the devotion of their knights in the days of chivalry, would you not wear her favor as conspicuously as they?"

A flush of mingled embarrassment and surprise shot over the forehead of Tremlet, and he was turning the ring with his fingers, when Lady Imogen, attempting to pass out of the tent, was stopped by her mother.

"Imogen, my daughter! this is Mr. Tremlet. Lady Imogen Ravelgold, Mr. Tremlet.

The cold and scarce perceptible bow which the wounded girl gave to her lover betrayed no previous acquaintance to the careless Lady Ravelgold. Without giving a second thought to her daughter, she held her glass for some champagne to a passing servant, and, as Lady Imogen and her friends crossed the lawn to the dancing tent, she resumed the conversation which they had interrupted; while Tremlet, with his heart brooding on the altered look he had received, listened and replied almost unconsciously, yet, from this very circumstance, in a manner which was interpreted by his companion as the embarrassment of a timid and long-repressed passion for herself.

While Lady Ravelgold and the junior partner were thus playing at cross purposes over their champagne and *bons bons*, Grisi and Lablache were singing a duet from *Il Puritani* to a full audience in the saloon; the drinking young men sat over their wine at the nearly deserted tables; Lady Imogen and her friends walzed to Collinet's band, and the artisans were busy below the lawn erecting the machinery for the fire-works. Meantime every alley and avenue, grot and labyrinth, had been dimly illuminated with colored lamps, showing like vari-colored glow-worms amid the foliage and shells, and if the bright scenery of Rose-Eden had been lovely by day, it was fay-land and witchery by night. Fatal impulse of our nature, that these approaches to Paradise in the "delight of the eye," stir only in our bosoms the passions upon which low and holy vows have put ban and bridle!

"Shall we stroll down this alley of crimson lamps?" said Lady Ravelgold, crossing the lawn from the tent where their coffee had been brought to them, and putting her slender arm far into that of her now pale and silent companion.

A lady in a white dress stood at the entrance of that crimson avenue as Tremlet and his passionate admirer disappeared beneath the closing lines of the long perspective, and, remaining a moment gazing through the unbroken twinkle of the confusing lamps, she pressed her hand hard upon her forehead, drew up her form as if struggling with some irrepressible feeling, and in another moment was whirling in the waltz with Lord William M'Antilope, whose mother wrote a complimentary paragraph about their performance for the next Saturday's "Court Journal."

The bugle sounded, and the band played a march upon the lawn. From the breakfast-tents, from the coffee-rooms, from the dance, from the card-tables, poured all who wished to witness the marvels that lie in saltpetre. Gentlemen who stood in a tender attitude in the darkness, held themselves ready to lean the other way when the rockets blazed up, and mammas who were encouraging flirtations with eligibles, whispered a caution on the same subject to their less experienced daughters.

Up sped the missiles, round spun the wheels, fair burned the pagodas, swift flew the fire-doves off and back again on their wires, and softly floated down through the dewy atmosphere of that May night, the lambent and many colored stars flung burning from the exploded rockets. Device followed device, and Lady Imogen almost forgot in her child's delight at the spectacle, that she had taken into her bosom a green serpent whose folds were closing like suffocation about her heart.

The *finale* was to consist of a new light invented by the pyrotechnist, promised to Lady Roseberry to be several degrees brighter than the sun, comparatively with the quantity of matter. Before this last flourish came a pause; and while all the world were murmuring love and applause around her, Lady Imogen, with her eyes fixed on an indefinite point in the darkness, took advantage of the cessation of light to feed her serpent with thoughts of passionate and uncontrollable pain. A French *attache*, Philippiste to the very tips of his moustache, addressed to her ear, meantime, the compliments he had found most effective in the *Chaussee d'Antin*.

The light burst suddenly from a hundred blazing points, clear, dazzling, intense—illuminating, as by the instantaneous burst of day, the farthest corner of Rose-Eden. And Monsieur Mangepoire, with a French contempt for English fire-works, took advantage of the first ray to look into Lady Imogen's eyes.

"*Mais Miladi!*" was his immediate exclamation after following their direction with a glance, "*ce n'est q'un tableau vivant cela!* Help gentlemen! elle *s'evanouit*. Some salts! *Misericorde! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" And Lady Imogen Ravelgold was carried fainting to Lady Roseberry's chamber.

In a small opening at the end of a long avenue of lilacs, extending from the lawn, in the direction of Lady Imogen's fixed and unconscious gaze, was presented, by the unexpected illumination, the *tableau vivant*, seen by her Ladyship and Monsieur Mangepoire at the same instant—a gentleman drawn up to his fullest height with his arms folded, and a Lady kneeling on the ground at his feet, with her arms stretched up to his bosom.

III.

A little after two-o'clock on the following Wednesday, Tremlet's cabriolet stopped near the *perron* of Willis's rooms, in King-street, and while he sent up his card to the Lady Patronesses for his ticket to that night's Almack's, busied himself in looking into the crowd of carriages about him, and reading in the faces of their fair occupants the hope and anxiety to which they were a prey, till the servant brought them tickets or despair. Drawn up on the opposite side of the street stood a family carriage of the old style, covered with half the arms of the Herald's College, and containing a fat dowager and three very over-dressed daughters. Watching them, to see the effect of their application, stood, upon the trottoir, three or four young men from a neighbouring club-house; and as the moment Tremlet was observing these circumstances, a foreign britacka, containing a beautiful woman, of a reputation better understood than expressed in the conclave above stairs, flew round the corner of St. James's street, and very nearly drove into the open mouth of the junior partner's cabriolet.

"I will bet you an Ukraine colt against this fine bay of yours," said the Russian Secretary of Legation, advancing from the group of dandies to Tremlet, "that Miladi yonder, with all the best blood of England in her own and her daughter's red faces, gets no ticket this morning."

"I'll take a bet upon the lady who has nearly extinguished me, if you like," answered Tremlet, gazing with admiration at the calm, delicate, child-like looking creature who sat before him in the britscka.

"No," said the Secretary; "for Almack's is a republic of beauty, and she'll be voted in without either blood or virtue. *Par exemple*, Lady Ravelgold's voucher is good here, though she does study *tableau* in Lothbury. Eh, Tremlet?"

Totally unaware of the unlucky discovery by the fireworks at Lady Roseberry's *fete*, Tremlet coloured, and was inclined to take the insinuation as an affront; but a laugh from the dandies drew off his companion's attention, and he observed the dowager's footman standing at her coach window, with his empty hands held up in most expressive negation; while the three young ladies within sat aghast, in all the agonies of disappointed hopes. The lumbering carriage got into motion—its ineffective blazonry paled by the mortified blush of its occupants; and, as the junior partner drove away, philosophizing on the arbitrary opinions and unprovoked insults of polite society, the britscka shot by, showing him, as he leaned forward, a lovely woman, who bent on him the most dangerous eyes in London, having, moreover, an Almack's ticket lying on the unoccupied cushion beside her.

IV.

The white *relievo* upon the pale blue wall of Almack's showed every crack in its stucco flowers, and the faded chaperons, who had defects of a similar description to conceal, took warning from the walls, and retreated to the friendly dimness of the tea-room. Collinet was beginning the second set of quadrilles; and among the fairest of the surpassingly beautiful women who were moving to his heavenly music, was Lady Imogen Ravelgold, the lovelier to-night for the first heavy sadness that had ever dimmed the roses in her cheek. Her lady-mother divided her thoughts between what this could mean, and whether Mr. Tremlet would come to the ball; and when, presently after, in the *dos-a-dos*, she forgot to look at her daughter, on seeing that gentleman enter, she lost a very good opportunity for a guess at the cause of Lady Imogen's paleness.

To the pure and true eye that appreciates the divinity of the form after which woman is made, it would have been a glorious feast to have seen the perfection of shape, color, and countenance shown that night on the bright floor of Almack's. For the young and beautiful girls whose envied destiny it is to commence their woman's history in this exclusive hall, there exist aids to beauty known to no other class or nation. Perpetual vigilance over every limb from the cradle up.—physical education of a perfection, discipline, and judgment, pursued only at great expense, and under great responsibility,—moral education of the highest kind,—habitual consciousness of rank,—exclusive contact with elegance and luxury,—and a freedom of intellectual culture which breathes a soul through the face before passion has touched it with a line or a shade,—these are some of the circumstances which make Almack's the cynosure of the world for adorable and radiant beauty.

There were three ladies who had come to Almack's with a definite object that night, each of whom was destined to be surprised and foiled,—Lady Ravelgold, who feared she had been abrupt with the inexperienced banker, but trusted to find him softened by a day or two's reflection; Mrs. St. Leger, the lady with the britscka, who had ordered supper for two on her arrival home after her morning's drive, and intended to have the company of the handsome creature she had nearly run over in King-street; and Lady Imogen Ravelgold, as will appear in the sequel.

Tremlet stood in the entrance from the tea-room a moment, gathering courage to walk alone into such a dazzling scene; and then, having caught a glimpse of the glossy lines of Lady Imogen's head at the farther end of the room, he was advancing towards her, when he was addressed by a lady who leaned against one of the slender columns of the orchestra. After a sweetly-phrased apology for having nearly knocked out his brains that morning with her horses' fore-feet, Mrs. St. Leger took his arm, and walsing him deliberately two or three times up and down the room, took possession, at last, of a *banquette* on the highest range, so far from any other person, that it would have been a marked rudeness to have left her alone. Tremlet took his seat by her with this instinctive feeling, trusting that some one of her acquaintances would soon approach, and give him a fair excuse to leave her; but he soon became amused with her piquant style of conversation, and, not aware of being observed, fell into the attitude of a pleased and earnest listener.

Lady Ravelgold's feelings during this *petit entretien* were of a very positive description. She had an instinctive knowledge, and consequently a jealous dislike of Mrs. St. Leger's character, and, still under the delusion that the young banker's liberality was prompted by a secret passion for herself, she saw her credit in the city and her hold upon the affections of Tremlet, (for whom she had really conceived a violent affection,) melting away in every smile of the dangerous woman who engrossed him. As she looked around for a friend to whose ear she might communicate some of the suffocating poison in her own heart, Lady Imogen returned to her from a galopade, and like a second dagger into the heart of the pure-minded girl went this second proof of her lover's corrupt principle and conduct. Unwilling to believe even her own eyes on the night of Lady Roseberry's *fete*, she had summoned resolution on the road home to ask an explanation of her mother. Embarrassed by the abrupt question Lady Ravelgold felt obliged to make a partial confidence of the state of her pecuniary affairs; and to clear herself she represented Tremlet as having taken advantage of her obligations to him to push a dishonorable suit. The scene disclosed by the sudden blaze of the fire-works being thus simply explained, Lady Imogen at once determined to give up Tremlet's acquaintance altogether—a resolution which his open flirtation with a woman of Mrs. St. Leger's character served to confirm. She had, however, one errand with him, prompted by her filial feelings and favored by an accidental circumstance which will appear.

"Do you believe in animal magnetism?" asked Mrs. St. Leger; "for, by the fixedness of Lady Ravelgold's eyes in this quarter, something is going to happen to one of us."

The next moment the Russian Secretary approached and took his seat by Mrs. St. Leger, and with diplomatic address contrived to convey to Tremlet's ear that Lady Ravelgold wished to speak with him. The banker rose; but the quick wit of his companion comprehended the manœuvre.

"Ah! I see how it is," she said; "but stay—you'll sup with me to-night? Promise me, *parole d'honneur!*"

"*Parole!*" answered Tremlet, making his way out between the seats, half pleased and half embarrassed.

"As for you, *Monsieur le Secretaire*," said Mrs. St. Leger, "you have forfeited my favor, and may sup elsewhere. How dared you conspire against me?"

While the Russian was making his peace, Tremlet crossed over to Lady Ravelgold; but, astonished at the change in Lady Imogen, he soon broke in abruptly upon her mother's conversation to ask her to dance. She accepted his hand for a quadrille, but as they walked down the room in search of a *vis-à-vis*, she complained of heat, and asked timidly if he would take her to the tea-room.

"Mr. Tremlet!" she said, fixing her eyes upon the cup of tea which he had given her, and which she found some difficulty in holding, "I have come here to-night to communicate to you some important information, to ask a favor, and to break off an acquaintance which has lasted too long."

Lady Imogen stopped, for the blood had fled from her lips; and she was compelled to ask his arm for a support. She drew herself up to the fullest height the next moment, looked at Tremlet, who stood in speechless astonishment, and with a strong effort, commenced again in a low, firm tone—

"I have been acquainted with you some time, Sir, and have never inquired nor knew more than your name up to this day. I suffered myself to be pleased too blindly——"

"Dear Lady Imogen!"

"Stay a moment, Sir! I will proceed directly to my business. I received this morning a letter from the senior partner of a mercantile house in the city, with which you are connected. It is written on the supposition that I have some interest in you, and informs me that you are not, as you yourself suppose, the son of the gentleman who writes the letter."

"Madam!"

"That gentleman, Sir, as you know, never was married. He informs me that in the course of many financial visits to St. Petersburg, he formed a friendship with Count Manteuffel, the minister of finance to the emperor, whose tragical end, in consequence of his extensive defalcations, is well known. In brief, Sir, you were his child, and were taken by this English banker, and carefully educated as his own, in happy ignorance, as he imagined, of your father's misfortunes and mournful death."

Tremlet leaned against the wall, unable to reply to this astounding intelligence, and Lady Imogen went on.

"Your titles and estates have been restored to you, at the request of your kind benefactor, and you are now the heir to a princely fortune and a count of the Russian empire. Here is the letter, Sir, which is of no value to me now. Mr. Tremlet, one word more, Sir!"

Lady Imogen gasped for breath.

"In return, Sir, for much interest given you heretofore—in return, Sir, for this information——"

"Speak, dear Lady Imogen!"

"Spare my mother!"

"Mrs. St. Leger's carriage stops the way!" shouted a servant at that moment at the top of the stairs; and as if there were a spell in the sound to nerve her resolution anew, Lady Imogen Ravelgold shook the tears from her eyes, bowed coldly to Tremlet, and passed out into the dressing-room.

"If you please, Sir," said a servant, approaching the amazed banker, "Mrs. St. Leger waits for you in her carriage."

"Will you come home and sup with us?" said Lady Ravelgold at the same instant, joining him in the tea-room.

"I shall be only too happy, Lady Ravelgold."

The bold coachman of Mrs. St. Leger continued to "stop the way," spite of policemen and infuriated footmen, for some fifteen minutes. At the end of that time Mr. Tremlet appeared, handing down Lady Ravelgold and her daughter, who walked to their chariot, which was a few steps behind, and very much to Mrs. St. Leger's astonishment, the handsome banker sprang past her horses' heads a minute after, jumped into his cabriolet which stood on the opposite side of the street, and drove after the vanishing chariot as if his life depended on overtaking it. Still Mrs. St. Leger's carriage "stopped the way." But, in a few minutes after, the same footman who had summoned Tremlet in vain returned with the Russian Secretary, doomed in blessed unconsciousness to play the *pis-aller* at her *tete-à-tete* supper in Spring Gardens.

If Lady Ravelgold showed beautifully by the uncompromising light and in the

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with most attention. Some some in the graperies, avia- kling fountain in the recesses one hand on the shoulder of f his wing, and caught the old, the loveliest girl of nine- cle of May-fair, listening to Lothbury

y alley, and by every path looked like a plateau of ani- green velvet. Ah! the beau- attained, the dress most mo- grace of woman. Those airy icealing a feature, or a ring- ture! Those summary and its outline better, and provoke e more adoring by mystery! parency in the sun; lips in d and the light; cheeks finer purity as a tint in the dark rfect in Athens in the days of at day on the lawn of Rose-

been laced through the trees ge, and every shade of green, American forest after the first nd suddenly sank into a dell, at its bottom, and all around, music of a delicious band stole chestra and green-room on the selves in the shade of the up- s commenced their theatricals Imogen Ravelgold, who was partner, could scarce tell you

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falcon, and a dove, confined at ack to excite his attention. As was let loose, and the falcon ht over the meadow, and up to and power, sped the exulting nd for the eye of the sun with whistle and cry were heard, the is wavy flight, and down with is prey dead to the earth before rd stood upon his victim, look- y Imogen Ravelgold heard, in a ey who soar highest, strike sur-

on, and at six, the "breakfast' tables were spread, were in differ- ade up their own parties. Each rs disappeared from the lawn, a found himself stopping to let a bly as himself. In a white chip hat among her raven curls be- Victorine in style and *tournure*, e fete, but for her daughter. rtsying, with a slight flush over "I have lost my party, and meet- st?"

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"The men at Crockford's," said Tremlet, hesitating to commit the rudeness of removing the ring, "are not of my school of manners. If I had been so fortunate as to inspire a lady with a preference for me, I should not advertise it on my cravat."

"But suppose the lady were proud of her preference, as dames were of the devotion of their knights in the days of chivalry, would you not wear her favor as conspicuously as they?"

A flush of mingled embarrassment and surprise shot over the forehead of Tremlet, and he was turning the ring with his fingers, when Lady Imogen, attempting to pass out of the tent, was stopped by her mother.

"Imogen, my daughter! this is Mr. Tremlet. Lady Imogen Ravelgold, Mr. Tremlet.

The cold and scarce perceptible bow which the wounded girl gave to her lover betrayed no previous acquaintance to the careless Lady Ravelgold. Without giving a second thought to her daughter, she held her glass for some champagne to a passing servant, and, as Lady Imogen and her friends crossed the lawn to the dancing tent, she resumed the conversation which they had interrupted; while Tremlet, with his heart brooding on the altered look he had received, listened and replied almost unconsciously, yet, from this very circumstance, in a manner which was interpreted by his companion as the embarrassment of a timid and long-repressed passion for herself.

While Lady Ravelgold and the junior partner were thus playing at cross purposes over their champagne and *bons bons*, Grisi and Lablache were singing a duet from *Il Puritani* to a full audience in the saloon; the drinking young men sat over their wine at the nearly deserted tables; Lady Imogen and her friends waltzed to Collinet's band, and the artisans were busy below the lawn erecting the machinery for the fire-works. Meantime every alley and avenue, grot and labyrinth, had been dimly illuminated with colored lamps, showing like vari-colored glow-worms amid the foliage and shells, and if the bright scenery of Rose-Eden had been lovely by day, it was fay-land and witchery by night. Fatal impulse of our nature, that these approaches to Paradise in the "delight of the eye," stir only in our bosoms the passions upon which low and holy writ have put ban and bridle!

"Shall we stroll down this alley of crimson lamps?" said Lady Ravelgold, crossing the lawn from the tent where their coffee had been brought to them, and putting her slender arm far into that of her now pale and silent companion.

A lady in a white dress stood at the entrance of that crimson avenue as Tremlet and his passionate admirer disappeared beneath the closing lines of the long perspective, and, remaining a moment gazing through the unbroken twinkle of the confusing lamps, she pressed her hand hard upon her forehead, drew up her form as if struggling with some irrepressible feeling, and in another moment was whirling in the waltz with Lord William M'Antilope, whose mother wrote a complimentary paragraph about their performance for the next Saturday's "Court Journal."

The bugle sounded, and the band played a march upon the lawn. From the breakfast-tents, from the coffee-rooms, from the dance, from the card-tables, poured all who wished to witness the marvels that lie in saltpetre. Gentlemen who stood in a tender attitude in the darkness, held themselves ready to lean the other way when the rockets blazed up, and mammas who were encouraging flirtations with eligibles, whispered a caution on the same subject to their less experienced daughters.

Up sped the missiles, round spun the wheels, fair burned the pagodas, swift flew the fire-doves off and back again on their wires, and softly floated down through the dewy atmosphere of that May night, the lambent and many coloured stars flung burning from the exploded rockets. Device followed device, and Lady Imogen almost forgot in her child's delight at the spectacle, that she had taken into her bosom a green serpent whose folds were closing like suffocation about her heart.

The *finale* was to consist of a new light invented by the pyrotechnist, promised to Lady Roseberry to be several degrees brighter than the sun, comparatively with the quantity of matter. Before this last flourish came a pause; and while all the world were murmuring love and applause around her, Lady Imogen, with her eyes fixed on an indefinite point in the darkness, took advantage of the cessation of light to feed her serpent with thoughts of passionate and uncontrollable pain. A French *attache*, Philippiste to the very tips of his moustache, addressed to her ear, meantime, the compliments he had found most effective in the *Chaussee d'Antin*.

The light burst suddenly from a hundred blazing points, clear, dazzling, intense—illuminating, as by the instantaneous burst of day, the farthest corner of Rose-Eden. And Monsieur Mangepoire, with a French contempt for English fire-works, took advantage of the first ray to look into Lady Imogen's eyes.

"*Mais Miladi!*" was his immediate exclamation after following their direction with a glance, "*ce n'est q'un tableau vivant cela!* Help gentlemen! *elle s'evanouit.* Some salts! *Misericorde! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" And Lady Imogen Ravelgold was carried fainting to Lady Roseberry's chamber.

In a small opening at the end of a long avenue of lilacs, extending from the lawn, in the direction of Lady Imogen's fixed and unconscious gaze, was presented, by the unexpected illumination, the *tableau virant*, seen by her Ladyship and Monsieur Mangepoire at the same instant—a gentleman drawn up to his fullest height with his arms folded, and a Lady kneeling on the ground at his feet, with her arms stretched up to his bosom.

III.

A little after two-o'clock on the following Wednesday, Tremlet's cabriolet stopped near the *perron* of Willis's rooms, in King-street, and while he sent up his card to the Lady Patronesses for his ticket to that night's Almack's, busied himself in looking into the crowd of carriages about him, and reading in the faces of their fair occupants the hope and anxiety to which they were a prey, till the servant brought them tickets or despair. Drawn up on the opposite side of the street stood a family carriage of the old style, covered with half the arms of the Herald's College, and containing a fat dowager and three very over-dressed daughters. Watching them, to see the effect of their application, stood, upon the trottoir, three or four young men from a neighbouring club-house; and at the moment Tremlet was observing these circumstances, a foreign britscka, containing a beautiful woman, of a reputation better understood than expressed in the conclave above stairs, flew round the corner of St. James's street, and very nearly drove into the open mouth of the junior partner's cabriolet.

"I will bet you an Ukraine colt against this fine bay of yours," said the Russian Secretary of Legation, advancing from the group of dandies to Tremlet, "that Miladi yonder, with all the best blood of England in her own and her daughter's red faces, gets no ticket this morning."

"I'll take a bet upon the lady who has nearly extinguished me, if you like," answered Tremlet, gazing with admiration at the calm, delicate, child-like looking creature who sat before him in the britscka.

"No," said the Secretary; "for Almack's is a republic of beauty, and she'll be voted in without either blood or virtue. *Par exemple*, Lady Ravelgold's voucher is good here, though she does study *tableau* in Lothbury. Eh, Tremlet?"

Totally unaware of the unlucky discovery by the fireworks at Lady Rose-

berry's *fete*, Tremlet coloured, and was inclined to take the insinuation as an affront; but a laugh from the dandies drew off his companion's attention, and he observed the dowager's footman standing at her coach window, with his empty hands held up in most expressive negation; while the three young ladies within sat aghast, in all the agonies of disappointed hopes. The lumbering carriage got into motion—its ineffective blazonry paled by the mortified blush of its occupants; and, as the junior partner drove away, philosophizing on the arbitrary opinions and unprovoked insults of polite society, the britscka shot by, showing him, as he leaned forward, a lovely woman, who bent on him the most dangerous eyes in London, having, moreover, an Almack's ticket lying on the unoccupied cushion beside her.

IV.

The white *relievo* upon the pale blue wall of Almack's showed every crack in its stucco flowers, and the faded chaperons, who had defects of a similar description to conceal, took warning from the walls, and retreated to the friendly dimness of the tea-room. Collinet was beginning the second set of quadrilles; and among the fairest of the surpassingly beautiful women who were moving to his heavenly music, was Lady Imogen Ravelgold, the loveliest to-night for the first heavy sadness that had ever dimmed the roses in her cheek. Her lady-mother divided her thoughts between what this could mean, and whether Mr. Tremlet would come to the ball; and when, presently after, in the *dos-a-dos*, she forgot to look at her daughter, on seeing that gentleman enter, she lost a very good opportunity for a guess at the cause of Lady Imogen's paleness.

To the pure and true eye that appreciates the divinity of the form after which woman is made, it would have been a glorious feast to have seen the perfection of shape, color, and countenance shown that night on the bright floor of Almack's. For the young and beautiful girls whose envied destiny it is to commence their woman's history in this exclusive hall, there exist aids to beauty known to no other class or nation. Perpetual vigilance over every limb from the cradle up.—physical education of a perfection, discipline, and judgment, pursued only at great expense, and under great responsibility,—moral education of the highest kind,—habitual consciousness of rank,—exclusive contact with elegance and luxury,—and a freedom of intellectual culture which breathes a soul through the face before passion has touched it with a line or a shade,—these are some of the circumstances which make Almack's the cynosure of the world for adorable and radiant beauty.

There were three ladies who had come to Almack's with a definite object that night, each of whom was destined to be surprised and foiled,—Lady Ravelgold, who feared she had been abrupt with the inexperienced banker, but trusted to find him softened by a day or two's reflection; Mrs. St. Leger, the lady with the britscka, who had ordered supper for two on her arrival home after her morning's drive, and intended to have the company of the handsome creature she had nearly run over in King-street; and Lady Imogen Ravelgold, as will appear in the sequel.

Tremlet stood in the entrance from the tea-room a moment, gathering courage to walk alone into such a dazzling scene; and then, having caught a glimpse of the glossy lines of Lady Imogen's head at the farther end of the room, he was advancing towards her, when he was addressed by a lady who leaned against one of the slender columns of the orchestra. After a sweetly-phrased apology for having nearly knocked out his brains that morning with her horses' fore-feet, Mrs. St. Leger took his arm, and walking him deliberately two or three times up and down the room, took possession, at last, of a *banquette* on the highest range, so far from any other person, that it would have been a marked rudeness to have left her alone. Tremlet took his seat by her with this instinctive feeling, trusting that some one of her acquaintances would soon approach, and give him a fair excuse to leave her; but he soon became amused with her piquant style of conversation, and, not aware of being observed, fell into the attitude of a pleased and earnest listener.

Lady Ravelgold's feelings during this *petit entretien* were of a very positive description. She had an instinctive knowledge, and consequently a jealous dislike of Mrs. St. Leger's character, and, still under the delusion that the young banker's liberality was prompted by a secret passion for herself, she saw her credit in the city and her hold upon the affections of Tremlet, (for whom she had really conceived a violent affection,) melting away in every smile of the dangerous woman who engrossed him. As she looked around for a friend to whose ear she might communicate some of the suffocating poison in her own heart, Lady Imogen returned to her from a galopade, and like a second dagger into the heart of the pure-minded girl went this second proof of her lover's corrupt principle and conduct. Unwilling to believe even her own eyes on the night of Lady Roseberry's *fete*, she had summoned resolution on the road home to ask an explanation of her mother. Embarrassed by the abrupt question, Lady Ravelgold felt obliged to make a partial confidence of the state of her pecuniary affairs; and to clear herself she represented Tremlet as having taken advantage of her obligations to him to push a dishonorable suit. The scene disclosed by the sudden blaze of the fire-works being thus simply explained, Lady Imogen at once determined to give up Tremlet's acquaintance altogether—a resolution which his open flirtation with a woman of Mrs. St. Leger's character served to confirm. She had, however, one errand with him, prompted by her filial feelings and favored by an accidental circumstance which will appear.

"Do you believe in animal magnetism?" asked Mrs. St. Leger; "for, by the fixedness of Lady Ravelgold's eyes in this quarter, something is going to happen to one of us."

The next moment the Russian Secretary approached and took his seat by Mrs. St. Leger, and with diplomatic address contrived to convey to Tremlet's ear that Lady Ravelgold wished to speak with him. The banker rose; but the quick wit of his companion comprehended the manœuvre.

"Ah! I see how it is," she said; "but stay—you'll sup with me to-night? Promise me, *parole d'honneur!*"

"*Parole!*" answered Tremlet, making his way out between the seats, half pleased and half embarrassed.

"As for you, *Monsieur le Secretaire*," said Mrs. St. Leger, "you have forfeited my favor, and may sup elsewhere. How dared you conspire against me?"

While the Russian was making his peace, Tremlet crossed over to Lady Ravelgold; but, astonished at the change in Lady Imogen, he soon broke in abruptly upon her mother's conversation to ask her to dance. She accepted his hand for a quadrille, but as they walked down the room in search of a *vis-à-vis*, she complained of heat, and asked timidly if he would take her to the tea-room.

"Mr. Tremlet!" she said, fixing her eyes upon the cup of tea which he had given her, and which she found some difficulty in holding, "I have come here to-night to communicate to you some important information, to ask a favor, and to break off an acquaintance which has lasted too long."

Lady Imogen stopped, for the blood had fled from her lips; and she was compelled to ask his arm for a support. She drew herself up to the fullest height the next moment, looked at Tremlet, who stood in speechless astonishment, and with a strong effort, commenced again in a low, firm tone—

"I have been acquainted with you some time, Sir, and have never inquired nor knew more than your name up to this day. I suffered myself to be pleased too blindly——"

"Dear Lady Imogen!"

"Stay a moment, Sir! I will proceed directly to my business. I received this morning a letter from the senior partner of a mercantile house in the city, with which you are connected. It is written on the supposition that I have some interest in you, and informs me that you are not, as you yourself suppose, the son of the gentleman who writes the letter."

"Madam!"

"That gentleman, Sir, as you know, never was married. He informs me that in the course of many financial visits to St. Petersburg, he formed a friendship with Count Manteuffel, the minister of finance to the emperor, whose tragical end, in consequence of his extensive defalcations, is well known. In brief, Sir, you were his child, and were taken by this English banker, and carefully educated as his own, in happy ignorance, as he imagined, of your father's misfortunes and mournful death."

Tremlet leaned against the wall, unable to reply to this astounding intelligence, and Lady Imogen went on.

"Your titles and estates have been restored to you, at the request of your kind benefactor, and you are now the heir to a princely fortune and a count of the Russian empire. Here is the letter, Sir, which is of no value to me now. Mr. Tremlet, one word more, Sir!"

Lady Imogen gasped for breath.

"In return, Sir, for much interest given you heretofore—in return, Sir, for this information——"

"Speak, dear Lady Imogen!"

"Spare my mother!"

"Mrs. St. Leger's carriage stops the way!" shouted a servant at that moment at the top of the stairs; and as if there were a spell in the sound to nerve her resolution anew, Lady Imogen Ravelgold shook the tears from her eyes, bowed coldly to Tremlet, and passed out into the dressing-room.

"If you please, Sir," said a servant, approaching the amazed banker, "Mrs. St. Leger waits for you in her carriage."

"Will you come home and sup with us?" said Lady Ravelgold at the same instant, joining him in the tea-room.

"I shall be only too happy, Lady Ravelgold."

The bold coachman of Mrs. St. Leger continued to "stop the way," spite of policemen and infuriated footmen, for some fifteen minutes. At the end of that time Mr. Tremlet appeared, handing down Lady Ravelgold and her daughter, who walked to their chariot, which was a few steps behind, and very much to Mrs. St. Leger's astonishment, the handsome banker sprang past her horses' heads a minute after, jumped into his cabriolet which stood on the opposite side of the street, and drove after the vanishing chariot as if his life depended on overtaking it. Still Mrs. St. Leger's carriage "stopped the way." But, in a few minutes after, the same footman who had summoned Tremlet in vain returned with the Russian Secretary, doomed in blessed unconsciousness to play the *pis-aller* at her *tete-à-tete* supper in Spring Gardens.

If Lady Ravelgold showed beautifully by the uncompromising light and in the unornamented hall of Almack's, she was radiant as she came through the mirror door of her own love-contrived and beauty-breathing boudoir. Tremlet had been shown into this recess of luxury and elegance on his arrival, and Lady Ravelgold and her daughter, who preceded him by a minute or two, had gone to their chambers, the first to make some slight changes in her toilette, and the latter, (entirely ignorant of her lover's presence in the house,) to be alone with a heart never before in such painful need of self-abandonment and solitude.

Tremlet looked about him in the enchanted room in which he found himself alone, and, spite of the prepossessed agitation of his feelings, the voluptuous beauty of every object had the effect to divert and tranquillize him. The light was profuse, but it came softened through the thinnest alabaster; and while every object in the room was distinctly and minutely visible, the effect of moonlight was not more soft and dreamy. The general form of the boudoir was an oval, but within the pilaster of folded silk with their cornices of gold, lap crypts containing copies, exquisitely done in marble, of the most graceful statues of antiquity. Opposite these, another niche contained a few books, whose retreating shelves swung on a secret door; and as it stood half open, the nodding head of a Magnolia, leaned through, as if pouring from the lips of its broad chalice the mingled odors of the unseen conservatory it betrayed. The first sketch in crayons of a portrait of Lady Ravelgold, by young Lawrence, stood against the wall with the frame half buried in a satin ottoman, and as Tremlet stood before it, admiring the clear, classic outline of the head and bust, and wondering in what chamber of his brain the gifted artist had found the beautiful drapery in which he had drawn her, the dim light glanced faintly on the left, and the broad mirror by which he had entered swung again on its silver hinges, and admitted the very presentment of what he gazed on. Lady Ravelgold had removed the jewels from her hair, and the robe of wrought lace which she had previously worn that night. In the place of this, she had thrown upon her shoulders a flowing wrapper of purple velvet. Her complexion was dazzling and faultless in the flattering light of her own rooms, and there are those who will read this, who know how the circumstances which surround a woman—luxury, elegance, taste, or the opposites of these—enhance or dim, beyond help or calculation, even the highest order of woman's beauty.

Lady Ravelgold held a bracelet in her hand as she came in.

"In my own house," she said, holding the glittering jewel to Tremlet, "I have a fancy for the style antique. Tasseline, my maid, is out of the way, and you must do the devoir of a knight or an Abigail, and loop up this Tyrian sleeve. So! Now take me for a Grecian nymph the rest of the evening."

"Lady Ravelgold!"

"Hermione or Aglae, if you please! But let us ring for supper.

As the bell sounded, a superb South American trolian darted in from the conservatory, and spreading his gorgeous black and gold wings a moment over the alabaster shoulder of Lady Ravelgold, turned his large liquid eye fiercely on Tremlet.

"Thus is it," said Lady Ravelgold, "we forget our old favorites in our new. See how jealous he is!"

"Supper is served, Miladi," said a servant, entering.

"A hand to each, then, for the present," she said, putting one into Tremlet's and holding up the trolian with the other. "He who behaves best shall drink first with me."

"I beg your Ladyship's pardon," said Tremlet, drawing back, and looking at the servant who immediately left the room. "Let us understand each other! Does Lady Imogen sup with us to-night?"

"Lady Imogen has retired," said her mother, in some surprise.

"Then, Madam, will you be seated one moment, and listen to me."

Lady Ravelgold sat down on the nearest ottoman with the air of a person too high bred to be taken by surprise, but the color deepened to crimson in the centre of her cheek, and the bird on her hand betrayed by one of his gurgling notes that he was held more tightly than pleased him. With a calm and decisive tone, Tremlet went through the explanation given in the previous parts of this narrative. He declared his love for Lady Imogen, his hopes (while he had doubts of his birth) that Lady Ravelgold's increasing obligations and embarrassments and his own wealth might weigh against his disadvantages, and now, his honorable descent being established, and his rank entitling him to propose for her hand, he called upon Lady Ravelgold to redeem her obligations to him by an immediate explanation to her daughter of his conduct toward herself, and by lending her whole influence to the success of his suit.

Five minutes are brief time to change a lover into a son-in-law, and Lady Ravelgold, as we have seen in the course of this story, was no philosopher. She buried her face in her hands, and sat silent for a while after Tremlet had concluded; but the case was a very clear one. Ruin and mortification were in one scale, mortification and prosperity in the other. She rose, pale, but decided; and requesting Monsieur le Comte Manteuffel to await her a few minutes, ascended to her daughter's chamber.

"If you please, Sir," said a servant, entering in about half an hour, "Miladi and Lady Imogen beg that you will join them in the supper-room."

The "Morning Post" ends all romances, and in the following brief paragraph ended Lady Imogen Ravelgold's:—

Marriage in High Life—Married, on Monday last, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Mr. Shacklewell, Count Albert Manteuffel, &c. &c. &c., to Lady Imogen Ravelgold, daughter of the late lamented Earl. The romantic circumstances attending this union are well known in the fashionable circles.

London New Monthly Magazine for March, 1837.

A Free Translation from a Newspaper called "La Voleur."

"Oh dear! oh dear! my cough's so bad,
I scarce can deal at whist."
"Stop, stop, my Lord, I do declare
You've giv'n the cards a twist.

"You've play'd a trick, my Lord, that well
Deserves old Bailey's noose;
It's CUMMING it too strong, I swear,
To practise such a Roos (*ruse*)."

My Lord looked fierce, went out of town—
My Lord came back again—
My Lord then fee'd a certain Knight
To wipe away the stain.

Sir John in *Banco Regis* tried
To place my Lord ascendant,
But, sad mishap! twelve honest men
Found verdict for defendant.

And now, my Lord, take my advice,
Pack up your traps—be quick—
Cut cards, friends, capers,* everything—
And don't forget YOUR STICK.

London Mercury.

* The French for "cut capers," is *sauter la coupe*—literally, "to jump the cut."

THE PICKWICK VALENTINE.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," said the son, laying down his pen; "what's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a werry good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But what's that you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam; "it's a walentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you're had o' your father's wicious perpensities, arter all I've said to you upon this here werry subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips, and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a werry agonizin' trial to me at my time of life; but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the werry old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a diludid wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all werry capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam, "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and could'nt be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe, and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantel-piece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl: who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warrin's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced and read as follows:—

"'Lovely creetur, I feel myself a damned——'

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed, there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in addressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is raythier good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus, or an angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is very well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turtup I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that raypher strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine (which p'raps you may have heerd on, Mary, my dear) altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your wallentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle.—Ain't you going to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickwick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good one, and a easy one to spell."

"The very thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' verses the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery; and *he* was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill-direction in one corner—"To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayor's Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

Twelfth number of "The Pickwick Papers."

GENERAL PUTNAM RIVALLED.

On the 18th day of March inst., while travelling through the woods on the S. Haven tract, town of Pitcairn, St. Lawrence county, I came across the track of a panther, from the appearance of which I judged he had passed recently. I immediately returned home, procured my dog and rifle, and started in pursuit. Having followed him in a zigzag direction about six miles, I unexpectedly came to a ledge, into a fissure of which he had entered. Believing I was about to have a little sport, and not preferring child's play, I dropped a second ball into my rifle, preparatory to the conflict. Scarcely had I effected this last act when, casting a searching glance upon the cavern, I beheld two shining balls, apparently emitting sparks of fire. These I knew to be the eyes of the panther, and immediately bringing my rifle to my face, "let drive," and sent in my dog. Those who have heard the occasional low sullen growls of a cat, when fighting, can form some idea of the growls of the panther at this time, (always bearing in mind that puss will weigh only eight or ten pounds, whereas the panther weighs about two hundred.)

At the place where the panther entered, the ascent was nearly equal to that o the roof of a house for twelve or fifteen feet, then extending downward under the floor of the entrance nearly to the place where I stood—at which place there was another opening, but covered with snow two or three feet deep. I reloaded my rifle, and in the meantime, the dog and the panther, apparently in "close communion," had descended to the lowest aperture. Judging from the shrieks of the dog, that the contest was an unequal one, I threw aside my rifle, dug away the snow, and immediately pulled him out. The panther then ascended to the top of the lower cavern. After making the aperture sufficiently large, I crawled in six or seven feet, taking my dog and rifle with me, when, upon looking up at the distance of seven or eight feet, I beheld the same glassy eyes, darting their fierce lustre upon me.—Like the boy in quest of the bird's nest, "with much ado" I succeeded in bringing my rifle to bear upon his head—again "let sliver," sent my dog forward, and immediately backed out, reloaded my rifle, and prepared for another onset, should occasion demand.

This I repeated three times in succession, each time sending my dog forward as a feeler. The fourth time I sent in my dog, they soon came down to the mouth of the cavern, the dog backing out, the panther having him by the nose and his claws grappled into his shoulders, the dog of course having the under jaw of the panther in his mouth. The object of the dog being evidently to get out of the cavern, bringing the panther with him. As soon as the panther's head came in sight, I fired a ball into his forehead—and here terminated my sport.

Upon examining the head of the panther, I found that every ball, six in number, had taken effect. One eye destroyed, the roots of his tongue cut off, teeth knocked out, &c., all of which could not have been effected by the latter shot. Notwithstanding all this he fought like a tiger, illustrating the truth of the axiom, that "the ruling passion of life is strong even in death!" I have dressed the skin and handsomely stuffed it; so that any one may see it by calling at my residence in Edwards.—Length ten feet. EDWARD HAINES.

Edwards, March 16, 1837. St. Lawrence (N. Y.) Republican.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1837.

LONG ISLAND RACES NEXT WEEK!

"Again the toesin sounds!" The First Spring Meeting of the New York Jockey Club commences on Tuesday next. The town is already on the *qui vive*, and expectation is on tip toe to learn what horses are likely to "justify their training." Should the present "considerable spell" of pleasant weather continue, the track will be in fine order. The number of strangers in town is constantly augmenting, and we look to see each race as well attended as we feel confident they will be well contested. No stables South of New Jersey are expected, as the Newmarket races that commenced on Tuesday last, are succeeded week after week by those at Fairfield and Washington, and the Central and Kendall Courses. This arrangement will have the effect to bring to our Second Spring meeting the choice of the Southern stables, after a public trial at home, and from what we can learn, Maryland and the Old Dominion bring out this Spring a primer lot of 3 and 4 yr. olds than has started in "the race horse region" these ten years. At the present meeting will be tested Mr. STEVENS' views with regard to the *Division of Purses*, and the fact will add materially to its interest. Horses will now be compelled to make play from the score, and it may be confidently anticipated that better sport will ensue from this circumstance than has lately been enjoyed. But the horses that are likely to show—what shall we say of them? Such "strings" were never assembled before around the Union Course, whether we regard blood, promise, or performance.

Let us see what New Jersey sends us:—LAIRD brings us Gen. IRVINE's lot, consisting of *Mingo* and *Azalia*, both as fine as silk, with a speedy lot of young things, the get of Busiris and Andrew. Capt. STOCKTON sends *Middlesex*, *Bergen*, *Somerset*, and possibly *Langford*, with *Margaret* and *John Bull*, if Langford's match on the 17th at the Central should not prevent the attendance of the finest imported colt of the North. There is an *on dit* that he has been sold for $5000, but we are in hopes Mr. THOMPSON will bring him over. Mr. GIBBONS takes the field in some force this Spring, and JAMES thinks the Eclipse Lightfoot colt *Shadow*, out of Sally Slouch, will do credit to his stock. *Tarquin*, in the same stable, promises to remove the blot cast on his escutcheon at the last meeting. We have heard it whispered that *Merrygold* is turned out until the Fall, but there is another in the stable to supply her place. Mr. VAN MATER brings out a crack lot of 3 and 4 yr. olds, and will be disappointed if there is not more than one African or Bonny Black among them. There is one in his "string" that we *could* tell tales of, but we have promised to "keep dark." SAM TAYLOR, (Post Boy's Sam,) in his new capacity of public trainer, thinks to astonish the natives with his odds and ends, of half a dozen, before he gives them up to assume the management of Post Boy again, which he does after this meeting. "Little PLEASANTS," ALLEN, and LLOYD have each a number in hand of likely ones, that are the terror of the "soft places." KENDALL has been cutting out the work this week at Trenton, with *Balie Peyton*, *Mary Granville*, and others, but has hurried back probably to Baltimore, having acquitted himself of his duty by meeting the cracks of Long Island half way.

Such a show as the Island can produce this Spring is beyond comparison superior to any season since the time of Shark, Medoc, Alice Grey and their compeers. Who *ever* brought out a lot of 4 yr. old winners like those in Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' stable? *Fanny Wyatt—Dosoris—African*, and *Bonny Black!*—There's a lot for ye! and VAN LEER will bring them to the post in such condition as will be "good for weak eyes," too! In the same stable is *Octavian* and a 3 yr. old or two that are "not slow." CONOVER "of the other house" has a family of *Moores*, including Tom, Mark and Henry, of Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' that are second to none on the Island for their several distances. In the same stable are two or three young things of immense promise who are only awaiting an opportunity to distinguish themselves. The stable of Mr. WILKES is stronger than ever, not to speak of Mr. COSTER's two or three, including *Cadmus* who is looking uncommonly fine. Mr. Wilkes' *Gypsey* and *Dr. Syntax* are said to be in tip top condition, and several 3 yr. olds in training are spoken of in favorable terms. BUCKLEY's desertion of Mr. TILLOTSON prevents his showing a hair at this meeting, we understand. *Post Boy*, *Red Russell* and a promising lot of young ones are in consequence *hors de combat*. The former is in robust health, and as Sam Taylor takes him after next week, we trust to see "Richard himself again," by the time the Southern phenomenons are assembled here in June. Mr. BOTTS has *Veto* and two others in the hands of his private trainer, having hitherto sent his horses to a public stable or that of a friend.—Veto does credit to his trainer, whoever he is; we do not recollect having seen him in higher racing order than last week. Of the other stables on the Island we cannot speak with any degree of certainty. Mr. BRADHURST has *Itasca* and one other, we believe, with Maj. JONES, who has a promising lot of 3 yr. olds. Mr. PEARSALL has several young things also, as well as Mr. DREW, Mr. ISAAC SNEDIKER, HARRY VAN COTT and others; we have not seen them this Spring, but have heard them so well spoken of that we hope to be better acquainted with them before next Saturday.

The race for the 3 and 4 mile purses will bring out the whole strength of the North, Post Boy alone excepted. Let us see what *may* go. In the expectation that Dr. Syntax, African, Mortimer, Middlesex, and others, start for the two mile purse, we may look to see a list of entries like this, the Three Mile Day:—Tom Moore, Dosoris, Cadmus, Tarquin, Langford, Veto and Azalia, which would leave for the great Four Mile Day, Fanny Wyatt, Mingo and Gypsey.—There probably will be other entries for each of these purses, but they will find themselves in a tight place! We should not be surprised if two we have named as likely to go the three mile day were to be entered for the two mile purse, and two others thrust into the race for the four mile purse. But *nous verrons*. As 2 horses from the same stable cannot start in the same race, it is imperative that many of them must run in the order we have named them, if they run at all.—We shall be able to record such *time* next Saturday, if the *track* is only fine, as will make the Turfmen of the South and West think we have cut off or *druv in* one end of it.

We would advise every lover of fine horses, and of the National and manly sports of the Turf, to be in attendance, if we did not believe they had already made up their minds to "do that thing." But as everybody appears determined to be *on hand*, we beg to notify the Rail Road company that THE PEOPLE ARE COMING! Drivers of hacks, omnibuses, go-carts, stages, Communipaw clamboxes, and six-penny bone-setters—wake snakes, you varmint! You are hereby notified to get your jigamarees in apple-pie order—to have them at the Brooklyn side of the Fulton Ferry, bright and early—to mark them on the top "this side up with care"—to behave perfectly civil "for this time only, by particular request"—to squeeze upon a seat, which will hardly hold three, not more than five gentlemen—to run against not more than every alternate post and curb-stone, inasmuch as they are new, and cost the Corporation of Brooklyn something considerable, if not more—to touch your "three blind ones and a bolter," not until you are off the pavements, when you may "touch 'em on the raw" or not, "just as you damn please," and if you like, "go it with a perfect looseness!"

HARLEM TROTTING COURSE.

MONDAY, April 24, 1837.—Purse $100. Two mile heats, under the saddle.

Modesty (rode by A. Conklin)	2	1	1
Columbus (rode by P. Wheelan)	1	2	2

Time, 5:20—5:20—5:24½. Columbus fell lame in the 2d heat.

MATCH TO-DAY.

Match, $400 a-side, Two mile heats, under the saddle, *Modesty* vs. *Daniel D. Tompkins*.

FOOT RACE.—Mr. JAMES GAZE, a respectable merchant of New York, undertook for a wager of $500 a-side, a few days since, to run 7 miles within the hour, over the Eclipse Course. He accomplished the task with ease, having 4 minutes and 27 seconds to spare. We believe he is about to run at Bayou Sara, 8 miles within the hour for $10,000. New Orleans Herald.

☞ GAZE will make some of the *Orleanois* see *stars* if they are not careful about backing time. If STANNARD would have given him pounds for inches in height, something might have been done here possibly, while Gaze was about town, the latter being shorter by a head and shoulders than Stannard, who is about 6 feet 2. Gaze is an Englishman, about 25 years old "next grass;" he was for a long time in Scott's famous training stable at Newmarket, and afterwards a favorite jockey of Lord Albert Seymour's, for whom he rode several years in his Lordship's racing campaigns on the continent. He can ride 126lbs., or could last year, he told us, with the aid of a sweat or two.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEATS.

A Correspondent furnishes for the Spirit of the Times the annexed minutes of some of the extraordinary pedestrian performances of EATON, a native of Northamptonshire, England, aged 49 at the time of his first match.

1st.—Dec. 20, 1815.—Completed on Blackheath 1100 miles, on Capt. Barclay's plan, viz.: a mile every hour.

2d.—July 20, 1816.—At the same place, he walked 1100 miles, commencing each mile within 20 minutes after each hour.

3d.—Dec. 5, 1816.—On Brexton Causeway, he accomplished 1998 half miles in 1998 succeeding half hours.

4th.—June 4, 1817.—In a match with Baker, on Wormwood Scrubs, which was accomplished in one hour less than the given time, he walked 2000 miles in 42 days.

5th.—Sept. 5, 1817.—A grand match against time, walking from Colchester to London one day and returning the next, and so on for twenty succeeding days, being 1020 miles. S.

Col. BINGAMAN's *Fanny Wright*, the Trifle of the South-west, was got by Bertrand, out of Marcella, by Sir Alfred—Lucifer (the dam of Sir Hal)—Imp. Saltram—Imp. Medley—Young Aristotle—he by Imp. Aristotle, etc., as we learn from a letter from R. PINDELL, Esq. of Fayette County, Ky., one of the owners of her dam, Marcella, who has obligingly complied with our request for information upon the subject, the sire of her dam having been variously stated. Mr. Pindell also informs us that his brother and himself have a yearling filly out of Fanny Wright's dam, by Imp. Sarpedon, that is highly promising. Marcella is now in foal to Bertrand. A list of the Blood Stock of the Messrs. Pindells will be found in another column, from the Turf Register.

By-the-bye, we learn from the same correspondent (from whom we shall be pleased to hear frequently) that HENRY CLAY, jr. Esq., has had the misfortune to lose the colt foaled in Kentucky, by Langar, out of his recently imported mare, *Gold-wire*, and has sent her to Bertrand. Mr. Clay's mares are much liked by breeders in his section.

Mr. LIVINGSTON advertises for sale, at the close of the season, his splendid imported stallion *Trustee*, now standing at the Union Course, L. I. Trustee is making a capital season, having in his harem not only the fine mares of his owner, but the choice of the best ones at the North. His colts foaled this Spring are uncommonly fine. Turfmen in Mississippi and Alabama could hardly select a better stock horse for those States, Trustee being young, high formed, well bred and of known speed and endurance.

Time of Angora's Race at New Orleans.—It was omitted in the report in the Spirit of the Times of the 8th inst. She won the race (mile heats) in three successive heats, beating American Citizen and Richard of York, in 2:05—2:09—2:06; track heavy.

English Terriers.—Who desires to purchase two of the best bred terriers in the country? A friend of ours advertises two for sale to-day, on last page, that are beauties—got by imported *Pincher*, the gamest dog of his inches at the North, and whose feats at fox and rat killing are well known among *the fancy* of this city.

Long Island Races last week.—The gentleman that reported the races over the Union Course last week for the *Courier & Enquirer*, in the absence of the editor, has driven some people to a little natural profanity, whereas they were led to pay over stakes to the wrong party. In his report of the 1st match, he made Mr. STEVENS' *Octavian* beat Capt. STOCKTON's *Somerset*, when the reverse was the fact, and his report is going about the country uncontradicted. Somerset lost the 1st heat, but won the 2d and 3d.

Some Northern bred stock now in Ohio, is advertised in to-day's paper, that is worthy the attention of Western breeders. It will be sold cheap, and the stock comprises some of the most approved crosses in the country.

Capt. STOCKTON, of New Jersey, and BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq., of Virginia, sail for England from this port in the course of a few days. The names of both are inseparably connected with the history of the American Turf, as among its firmest supporters, and brightest ornaments.

A Sweepstakes, $200 subscription, h. ft., Two mile heats, has closed with six subs., to come off the 10th of May, over the Burksville Course, Cumberland Co., Ky. The sweepstakes opened last Fall in Old Kentuck have generally filled up handsomely, we are glad to hear.

A match race, for $1000 a-side, P. P., Two mile heats, has been concluded between Messrs. Coriell and Wagley, to come off the 12th of Oct. next, over the Central Course at Greensburgh, Ky.:—

Thomas J. Coriell names *Ben Duncan*, by Cherokee, dam by Sir Henry of Transport.
George Wagley names *Robert Burns*, by Kosciusko, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster.

Both nags are 5 yrs. old this Spring, and will be backed heavily, writes a correspondent.

HICKORY JOHN, MISS MEDLEY, AND HAMMOND.

To the Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times.

DEAR SIR,—Justice to the above named parties requires that some of your correspondents should be set right. "A Subscriber" at Vicksburg says, that if he "could see a hole in a ladder, the kinks were all out of his (*Hickory John's*) neck." I do not think that he could see a hole in a ladder, or he surely would have been able to see a gap of 20 to 50 yards between the horses at the close of each heat. "Let envy alone—it will punish itself." The "Subscriber" will understand me, though your readers will not.

Your correspondent "G." says that "Hickory John's time at Macon should never be cited as an evidence of his speed." Perhaps not, but it will be some time, I guess, before he will see a horse the contending nag in every heat over that short course in 7:50—7:50, and 802. Then, if he will make the necessary allowance for lameness in both fore feet, he may find the performance still more difficult to accomplish. A falling off of only 12 seconds from the first to the third heat, in a 4 mile race, and each contended for under the spur, must be considered a little uncommon in any country, and over any course. If "G." can point out another instance, I will be obliged for the information. DAV. PALMER, the Trainer, and GARRY BELL, the Jockey, will both testify to the fact of his contending for each heat under the spur, and I must say that I never saw that instrument more freely used.

Miss Medley's CHALLENGE, to run against any 6 yr. old in the Union, for $5000, is rather vague. If she will run at the Hampton Course next Spring, *Hickory John* WILL TAKE THE MATCH of four mile heats, for five or more thousands, or he will enter in a sweepstakes with her, free for anything, $2500 entrance, making the distance 90 yards, (so that she may not depend upon others to do the work for her,) and then will, with her permission, add a thousand or two more on the distance, or will run a single 4 miles, the loser paying the winner $100 per yard for every yard that the one may beat the other, the whole sum not to exceed five or ten thousand, at her option. We think here that Hickory John beat Miss Medley because he was the better horse. If we are mistaken, we are willing that she should correct the error, and to pay her for her trouble. If she doubts Hickory John's bottom, he will run her five miles out, and bet *one thousand on every mile*.

If Miss Medley means to say that she can beat any 6 yr. old that can be produced at Columbus next Spring, 4 mile heats, for $5000, *the bet will be taken*.

"Zoloe" will find that he has done HAMMOND injustice in charging him with laying up Hickory John. The comparisons which he draws with regard to Hickory John's time before Hammond took him, and since, are not exactly fair. Hammond has never run him but one race, and that was on a muddy, slippery course, and he was not called upon for quick time. Supposing that he had the kinks out of his neck, as "D. P." says, how many seconds would he be willing to allow for a sore foot, and a strained hock? How people differ. "N. of Arkansas" thinks that it was Hammond's training won the race. "Zoloe" thinks that Hammond has ruined the horse, and that he has never been the same animal. "D. P." thinks that Hammond's training is "all my eye," and "N." thinks it's not Hammond, but Hickory John that's "all my eye." I think they are *all wrong*. Hickory John is a race horse of the first class, the opinion of "N." and "G." to the contrary notwithstanding, and Hammond is a skilful trainer, though some good judges think too severe in his exercise. O'KELLY.

AUGUSTA, (Ga.,) April 23, 1837.

Importation of Blood Stock in 1837.—However "the pressure" may affect the importation of dry goods, hardware, etc., from England the present year, we have every reason to believe that the importation of horses will suffer little diminution. Several extensive orders have already been sent out, and others are to follow from various quarters. One was despatched by the *Virginian*, which sailed on the 25th, (being detained a day,) ordering the very best, without regard to price, for two spirited Turfmen in Tennessee. A company, too, we hear, is forming in Mississippi and Louisiana, with such an immense capital, that we shall not be surprised to place in our List of Stallions next season the name of *Emilius*, as standing at Natchez, or *The Colonel*, at St. Francisville, or *Langar*, at Vicksburg! Should the colts of other Imported horses that come out this Spring, show to as much advantage as those of *Luzborough's* get in Virginia, thus far, it will have a material influence in increasing the orders for foreign stallions.

Central Course Races.—The Baltimore Chronicle has the following paragraph on the subject:—

In two or three weeks the races will come on in this city. We are advised by a friend who takes a lively interest in the sports of the Turf, that the prospect for fine racing never was better, and that the number of promising colts in training is unprecedented. The following extract of a letter from *Mobile* will show our sportsmen what they are to expect if the Southerners should bring on their crack nags, and we learn, there is strong reason to hope they will:—

"The Races are now on here—this is the handsomest track in America. *Birmingham*, by Stockholder, ran the 4 miles, under a hard pull, in 7:48. Take my word for it, the West and South West can beat the North, Virginia and Maryland combined—*their horses are better*. *Virginia Fairfield* was beaten by a small sorrel horse called *Scarlet*, that Birmingham distanced in his match, four miles. Capt. Oliver made by his track in Orleans $20,000 cash, and cleared all his expenses, of course stands in all about $35,000."

Extract of a Letter dated BALTIMORE, April 25, 1837.

At our last races over the *Central*, great objection was made to the bad state of the course, in consequence of the unequal growth of the *grass*. Since that time it has been thoroughly overhauled—the tan bark with which it was covered, harrowed in with the soil—and it is now in a condition inferior to no track in the country. The bill of fare offered by its liberal proprietor exceeds in amount and variety any yet offered by him, and nothing is wanting but a full attendance of the friends of the Turf to insure a most interesting and brilliant meeting. You will be here of course, and I intend to *underline* you on the bills accordingly. This puts me on the Theatrical track again. How came you to charge *us* Baltimoreans with breaking Mr. Power's collar bone?—please correct the mistake, and be good enough to say, in addition, that had he reached *here*, we should have taken too good care of him, to let any such accident happen to him. It was a sad disappointment both to the Managers and friends of Mr. P. He was to have opened at the Holliday street house, which, in consequence, had to "shut up," and the corps dramatique to march back to Front street. Miss ELLEN is expected here next week. All are on tiptoe to see her. I have no doubt she will draw crowded houses.

Things Theatrical.

Theatricals are in a flourishing condition throughout the country, and especially so, in this city, where we have had *four* theatres and *two* amphitheatres open a great part of the season. The *Park* is doing a good business with the KEELEY's just now, though the receipts on the off-nights must exceed the star nights. AUGUSTA dances as divinely as ever, and Miss EMMA WHEATLEY (is it *Wheatley?*) is that same beautiful girl now ripening into womanhood, she was a few months since, though some affect to think her manner and beauty more matronly than becomes a light-hearted maiden of sweet seventeen. The amiable girl has been halt spoiled by frivolous counsel, but her innate good sense and application to her profession will bring her through, we trust, triumphantly.—Augusta is received with acclamations as the "charming Bayadere," and it appears as if people never would tire of the opera. It seems likely to run as long as *Cinderella*, the end whereof is not yet. The Keeleys have appeared in two new pieces since our last—*The Yeoman's Daughter*, and *Love and Reason*.—We regret our inability to praise either; the first has merely an apology for a plot, and the latter is a very mediocre French penny-a-line drama, distinguished as much for its indelicacy and grossness, as for any interest of situation or incident. CHIPPINDALE, (Gen. D'Orlon,) and Mrs. VERNON, (Mrs. Dingle,) acquitted themselves with credit, but "the new comedy in three acts" was as generally hissed as applauded at the fall of the curtain. KEELEY played most of John Reeve's part (the *rat catcher*) in The Yeoman's Daughter very capitally, but Mrs. KEELEY's personation was, like the part itself, indifferent. Though an ardent admirer of her style, and believing her to be unequalled in her line of characters, "our withers were unwrung" by her two recent personations.

HACKETT, of the *National*, is getting up the Three Dutch Governors of Gotham. The houses lately have been rather "shy." BALLS has just concluded his engagement, and opens at the Tremont, Boston, next Monday, to play a farewell engagement, as he sails for England in June, after visiting Albany and Buffalo, where he has 'lots' of lots. This house closed last night for the season.

DINNEFORD is driving a fair business at the *Bowery* with spectacle, which he produces with untold splendour, and SEFTON is doing quite as well at the *Franklin*.

Mrs. BARRETT and JOHN R. SCOTT are still at the Bowery.

Miss CUSHMAN has been starring at the National.

HILL, the comedian, returned from England in the George Washington, and will appear at the Park soon. He is the same "'cute old critter" he always was. He is to return to London in June, and will be accompanied probably by WALLACK and POWER. HACKETT and FLYNN go out during that month.

LENNOX, a leading member of the Bowery Company two years since, is winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" at the West, in addition to substantial silver demonstrations of respect from his immediate friends and admirers. He is attached to Dean & McKinney's corps at Buffalo, but with a portion of that company, has recently been playing at Rochester. On the occasion of his benefit a week or two since, when he was complimented with a crowded house, the Daily Advertiser states that a number of his friends presented him with a massive silver *snuff box*, bearing the following inscription:—

"TO THOMAS F. LENNOX, Esq.
Presented by his friends in Rochester,
As a Testimony of Respect for his Private Worth, and Abilities as an Actor.
13th April, 1837."

NEW ORLEANS THEATRES—*Sunday night.*—Although an unusual thing for us, we visited the *Theatre d'Orleans* on Sunday evening to witness that horror of horrors, Victor Hugo's "*Lucrece Borgia.*" Madame Closel as the unnatural, the vicious Lucrece, sustained herself with great credit. Her style is of the olden school, cold, but chaste. Perrin as Genaro, was good—a clever actor is Perrin. The theatre was tolerably well filled—lots of pretty, vivacious French women there. The *modistes* should make the sleeves of the ladies' frocks set better. We noticed several fashionably dressed females with their finely formed arms dowdily done up. This should be attended to. We admire the present fashion of tight sleeves, but they should be made to set close and tidy.

The *Camp street Theatre* was filled to the ceiling. Mrs. Carr HAD a benefit. Wreaths were thrown upon the stage, and the fair lady was called out at the end of the performance to testify her gratitude, which she did by thanking the audience in general, and the Louisiana Greys in particular.

We saw the Swiss Cottage at the *St. Charles*. Latham does Natz Teick in a happy, quiet manner. Hunt appears improving in health. Miss Melton's Lisette, although nothing like Mrs. Keeley's, was fair. It may be considered none of our business to dictate or even advise, what kind of stockings or what color a lady should wear, but we must say that a *light blue* is the legitimate color among the Swiss peasantry. Perhaps Miss Melton is fearful of being wrote down a *blue stocking*, and therefore, she wore black. New Orleans Herald.

PITTSBURG THEATRE.—We are happy to perceive that the Pittsburg theatre is well sustained. Since its opening for the season, it has attracted crowded houses—proving both the delicacy and chasteness of the Thespian corps, and the taste and good sense of our citizens. Am. Manufacturer, April 22.

☞ The audience at the *Tremont* last evening was the largest the Watsons have had since their engagement. The performances went off remarkably well—the songs and duets, by Mrs. W. and Mrs. Bailey, were much applauded, and frequently encored. The Pirate Boy will be repeated to-night.

Tom and Jerry, at the *National*, was presented in renovated style, and played to a pretty full house. Mr. Smith has done himself great credit by the manner in which he has gotten up this popular extravaganza. Boston Morning Post.

First Spring Meeting, TRENTON, N. J., Eagle Course.

TUESDAY, April 25, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.; sub. $300 each, h. ft., 4 subs. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse	1	1
W. McCoun's ch. c. *John R.*, by Henry, out of Grasshopper	*	*
Daniel Abbott's c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge	*	*
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) ch. c. by Busiris, out of Escape	pd. ft.	

Time, 1:58—1:55. Won cleverly. Placing not received.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $500, free for all ages. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs. 121lbs.	1	1
M. Irvin's ch. h. *Jesse Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs. 121lbs.	2	2

Time, 6:05—6:25. Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY, April 26.—Post Stakes for 4 year olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 111lbs.; sub. $100 each, P. P., and $200 added by the Proprietor; 4 subs. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. c. by Medley	4	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Henry*, by Henry	2	3
Wm. Gibbons's b. f. by Monmouth Eclipse	3	4

Time, 3:52—3:53. Won by the favorite.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $150, free for all, Mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs., with 3lbs. deduction to m.'s and g.'s.

C. S. Lloyd's gr. c. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs.	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' (G. T. Willson's) br. h. *Tarquin*, by Henry, out of Ostrich, 6 yrs.	3	2
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) br. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, dam by Rattler, 6 yrs.	2	3
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.	4	4
Mr. ——'s (W. Livingston's) gr. c. *April Fool*, by Imp. Barefoot, d. Betsey Ransom, 4 y.	5	5

Time, 1:52½—1:51.

THURSDAY, April 27.—Purse $250, free for all ages, weights as before; and an inside stake of $3000 between Tom Moore and Middlesex. Two mile heats.

H. A. Conover's (Robt. L. Stevens') ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, d. Lalla Rookh, 6 y.	1	1
John McCoun's br. h. *Emilius*, by Eclipse, out of the Filho mare, 6 yrs.	4	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, 5 yrs.	2	3
Jas. B. Kendall's br. h. *Highlander*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs.	3	4

Time, 3:52—3:56.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Commencing on the 18th inst., were run over the *Tree Hill Course*. We make up the annexed report from our correspondence and the Richmond Whig. It will be seen that "Monsieur Tonson's come again," *Argyle* having won the three mile purse, beating the imported Apparition mare, *Margaret Armistead*, in very good time, considering the heaviness of the track.

TUESDAY, April 18, 1837—*Tree Hill Course.*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 87lbs. Sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats, 4 subs.

Joshua Goode's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles	3	1	1
James Lyle's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles	1	3	2
Richard Adams' ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles	2	2	3

Time not given. A very pretty race between the sisters.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; same conditions as above—5 subs. Mile heats.

John Chapman's b. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne's dam	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles	2	2
John Heth's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles	3	*

* Col. Heth's colt bolted and threw his rider.

WEDNESDAY, April 19.—Proprietor's Purse $250, Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs., with a deduction of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s.

Col. John Heth's ch. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs.	3	2
Richard Adams' br. m. *Virginia*,* by Sir Charles, out of Star's dam	2	3
O. P. Hare's b. m. *Nyla*,† by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	4	dis

Time, 3:57—3:56½. * Virginia's age is omitted. † Nyla is called *Noxlar*, in some of the reports, which are very defective, the dams of the horses being in almost every instance omitted.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats. Weights as before.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged	1	1
Col. John Heth's br. m. *Margaret Armistead*, (late Rebecca Coleman,) by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.	2	2
Edw. B. Settle's (Mr. Nelson's) b. c. *Ricohock*, by Marion, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. bolted on 1st quarter, threw his rider, and was consequently	dis	

Time, 5:58—5:57½.

FRIDAY, April 21.—Proprietor's Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Weights as before.

John Belcher's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	1	2	3	1	1
John M. Botts' br. h. *Reuben Glenroy*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs.	3	3	1	*	
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clifford's dam, 4 yrs.	2	1	2	dr	
John S. Corbin's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Tip Top, 4 yrs.	pd. ft.				

Time, 1:56—1:53—1:59½—2:05. * Reuben Glenroy broke down in 4th heat.

Will the clerks of the Virginia Courses, in reporting their Spring meetings, take the precaution to give the dams and age of the different entries? The omission of these particulars heretofore, has led to frequent errors, which have crept into racing calendars and stud books, so as seriously to impair their authenticity and value, and we have reason to believe that undue advantage has been taken of the fact, after horses have been sold out of the State.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) SPRING RACES.

The courtesy of Col. JOHN P. WHITE, the proprietor, enables us to give this week, a report of the recent meeting of the Tappahannock Jockey Club, which commenced on the 18th inst., resulting as follows:—

TUESDAY, April 18, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. James P. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar	1	1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Director	3	2
Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—For the *Mount Clement Plate*, given for 3 yr. olds, as above, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus	2	0	1	1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles	1	0	2	2
Maj. Jas. P. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, bolted, and was	dis			

Time, 1:59—1:55—2:00—2:02.

WEDNESDAY, April 19.—Proprietor's Purse $150, free for all ages. Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

Col. John P. White's b. g. *Switch*, by Bottetourt Whip, out of Miss Chance, by Imp. Chance, 5 yrs.	1	1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. *Cash*, by Carolinian, dam unknown, 4 yrs.	2	2
Geo. B. Poindexter's bl. h. *Black Rabbit*, by Engineer, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs.	3	3
T. H. Taliaferro's b. m. by Prince Rupert, dam by Bussorah, 5 yrs.	dis	

Time, 4:00 each heat.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages. Weights as before. Three mile heats.

Thomas H. Taliaferro's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.	3	1	1
Geo. B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 6 yrs.	2	2	2
H. Davis' b. c. *Emmet*, by Sir Charles, dam by Handel, 4 yrs.	1	3	3
Maj. Jas. P. Corbin's ch. f. *Irene*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs.	4	4 dis	

Time, 5:56—5:54—5:59.

April 22, 1837. Yours with respect, JOHN P. WHITE.

BELFIELD (Va.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, April 11, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 87lbs, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Six subs. Mile heats.

H. Maclin's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Peggy Mader	1	1
E. P. Scott's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Thaddeus	3	2
Wm. M. Moody's br. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal	2	3
Thos. Sidley's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal	bolt.	

Time, 1:55—2:02. Won with great ease.

WEDNESDAY, April 12.—Proprietor's Purse $250, Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s.

Wm. McCargo's br. c. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, dam by Clay's William, 4 yrs.	2	1
H. Maclin's ch. c. *Tom Cringle*, by Carolinian, dam ——, 4 yrs.	3	3
Geo. Goodwyn's br. m. *Catherine Davis*, by Mons. Tonson, d. by Sir Archie, 5 yrs.	1	2 dr
E. P. P. Scott's ro. c. by Eclipse, out of the dam of Calculation, 4 yrs.	4	4 dis

Time, 4:03—3:54—4:00.

A very interesting race. Betting before starting 4 and 5 to 1 on Catherine Davis, the favorite of the field, notwithstanding it was understood she was far below tip top condition.

THURSDAY, April 13.—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20. Three mile heats. Weights as before.

Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Eclipse, dam Creeping Kate, 4 yrs.	4	1	2
Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. *Little Billy*, by Iphiclus, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs.	3	4	1
D. Dugger's ch. c. *Jumper*, by Eclipse, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs.	1	2	3 dr
W. H. E. Merritt's ch. m. *Sophia*, by Redgauntlet, dam Clara Fisher, 4 yrs.	2	3	dr

Time, 5:55—6:00—6:07—6:25.

FRIDAY, April 14.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (weights as before), sub. $100 each, h. ft. Seven subs. Mile heats.

Wm. B. Goodwyn's gr. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie	1
D. Dugger's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Peachem	2

Time, 1:52—1:52. Track in good order. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., 5 subs. Mile heats. Weights as before.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Constitution	1
W. H. E. Merritt's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Lady La Grange	3
H. Maclin's cr. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Junius	2
Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director	dis

Time, 1:52—1:52. Won by a head.

The Petersburgh Constellation, in which we find the official report above, has the annexed paragraph in relation to the meeting.

Belfield Races.—The Spring meeting of the Belfield Jockey Club took place last week. We annex particulars below. The racing, three out of the four days, was unusually interesting to the spectators, of whom a considerable concourse of the most respectable character were assembled, from Greensville and the counties adjacent. No attention was spared by Dr. GEORGE GOODWYN, the proprietor of the course and of the Belfield Hotel, to contribute to the comfort and accommodation of all who were present on the occasion. Among the visiters to the track, was Mr. TATTERSALL, jr. of London, now on a visit to Dr. A. T. B. MERRITT, whose extensive importations of blooded stock of the highest character are well known to our readers.

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AND HAMMOND.

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ny 6 yr. old that can be pro-
$5000, *the bet will be taken.*
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s never been the same animal.
y eye," and "N." thinks it's
y eye." I think they are *all*
ass, the opinion of "N." and
d is a skilful trainer, though
O'KELLY.

Importation of Blood Stock in 1837.—However "the pressure" may affect the importation of dry goods, hardware, etc., from England the present year, we have every reason to believe that the importation of horses will suffer little diminution. Several extensive orders have already been sent out, and others are to follow from various quarters. One was despatched by the *Virginian*, which sailed on the 25th, (being detained a day,) ordering the very best, without regard to price, for two spirited Turfmen in Tennessee. A company, too, we hear, is forming in Mississippi and Louisiana, with such an immense capital, that we shall not be surprised to place in our List of Stallions next season the name of *Emilius*, as standing at Natchez, or *The Colonel*, at St. Franceisville, or *Langar*, at Vicksburg! Should the colts of other Imported horses that come out this Spring, show to as much advantage as those of *Luzborough's* get in Virginia, thus far, it will have a material influence in increasing the orders for foreign stallions.

Central Course Races.—The Baltimore Chronicle has the following paragraph on the subject:—

In two or three weeks the races will come on in this city. We are advised by a friend who takes a lively interest in the sports of the Turf, that the prospect for fine racing never was better, and that the number of promising colts in training is unprecedented. The following extract of a letter from *Mobile* will show our sportsmen what they are to expect if the Southerners should bring on their crack nags, and we learn, there is strong reason to hope they will:—

"The Races are now on here—this is the handsomest track in America. *Birmingham*, by Stockholder, ran the 4 miles, under a hard pull, in 7:48. Take my word for it, the West and South West can beat the North, Virginia and Maryland combined—*their horses are better. Virginia Fairfield* was beaten by a small sorrel horse called *Scarlet*, that Birmingham distanced in his match, four miles. Capt. Oliver made by his track in Orleans $20,000 cash, and cleared all his expenses, of course stands in all about $35,000."

Extract of a Letter dated Baltimore, April 25, 1837.

At our last races over the *Central*, great objection was made to the bad state of the course, in consequence of the unequal growth of the *grass*. Since that time it has been thoroughly overhauled—the tan bark with which it was covered, harrowed in with the soil—and it is now in a condition inferior to no track in the country. The bill of fare offered by its liberal proprietor exceeds in amount and variety any yet offered by him, and nothing is wanting but a full attendance of the friends of the Turf to insure a most interesting and brilliant meeting. You will be here of course, and I intend to *underline* you on the bills accordingly. This puts me on the Theatrical track again. How came you to charge *us* Baltimoreans with breaking Mr. Power's collar bone?—please correct the mistake, and be good enough to say, in addition, that had he reached *here*, we should have taken too good care of him, to let any such accident happen to him. It was a sad disappointment both to the Managers and friends of Mr. P. He was to have opened at the Holliday street house, which, in consequence, had to "shut up," and the corps dramatique to march back to Front street. Miss Ellen is expected here next week. All are on tiptoe to see her. I have no doubt she will draw crowded houses.

Things Theatrical.

Theatricals are in a flourishing condition throughout the country, and especially so, in this city, where we have had *four* theatres and *two* amphitheatres open a great part of the season. The *Park* is doing a good business with the Keeley's just now, though the receipts on the off-nights must exceed the star nights. Augusta dances as divinely as ever, and Miss Emma Wheatley (is it *Wheatley?*) is that same beautiful girl now ripening into womanhood, she was a few months since, though some affect to think her manner and beauty more matronly than becomes a light-hearted maiden of sweet seventeen. The amiable girl has been halt spoiled by frivolous counsel, but her innate good sense and application to her profession will bring her through, we trust, triumphantly.—Augusta is received with acclamations as the "charming Bayadere," and it appears as if people never would tire of the opera. It seems likely to run as long as *Cinderella*, the end whereof is not yet. The Keeleys have appeared in two new pieces since our last—*The Yeoman's Daughter*, and *Love and Reason.*—We regret our inability to praise either; the first has merely an apology for a plot, and the latter is a very mediocre French penny-a-line drama, distinguished as much for its indelicacy and grossness, as for any interest of situation or incident. Chippindale, (Gen. D'Orlon,) and Mrs. Vernon, (Mrs. Dingle,) acquitted themselves with credit, but "the new comedy in three acts" was as generally hissed as applauded at the fall of the curtain. Keeley played most of John Reeve's part (the *rat catcher*) in The Yeoman's Daughter very capitally, but Mrs. Keeley's personation was, like the part itself, indifferent. Though an ardent admirer of her style, and believing her to be unequalled in her line of characters, "our withers were unwrung" by her two recent personations.

Hackett, of the *National*, is getting up the Three Dutch Governors of Gotham. The houses lately have been rather "shy." Balls has just concluded his engagement, and opens at the Tremont, Boston, next Monday, to play a farewell engagement, as he sails for England in June, after visiting Albany and Buffalo, where he has 'lots' of lots. This house closed last night for the season.

Dinneford is driving a fair business at the *Bowery* with spectacle, which he produces with untold splendour, and Sefton is doing quite as well at the *Franklin*.

Mrs. Barrett and John R. Scott are still at the Bowery.

Miss Cushman has been starring at the National.

Hill, the comedian, returned from England in the George Washington, and will appear at the Park soon. He is the same "'cute old critter" he always was. He is to return to London in June, and will be accompanied probably by Wallack and Power. Hackett and Flynn go out during that month.

Lennox, a leading member of the Bowery Company two years since, is winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" at the West, in addition to substantial silver demonstrations of respect from his immediate friends and admirers. He is attached to Dean & McKinney's corps at Buffalo, but with a portion of that company, has recently been playing at Rochester. On the occasion of his benefit a week or two since, when he was complimented with a crowded house, the Daily Advertiser states that a number of his friends presented him with a massive silver *snuff box*, bearing the following inscription:—

"To Thomas F. Lennox, Esq.
Presented by his friends in Rochester,
As a Testimony of Respect for his Private Worth, and Abilities as an Actor.
13th April, 1837."

New Orleans Theatres—*Sunday night.*—Although an unusual thing for us, we visited the *Theatre d'Orleans* on Sunday evening to witness that horror of horrors, Victor Hugo's "*Lucrece Borgia.*" Madame Closel as the unnatural, the vicious Lucrece, sustained herself with great credit. Her style is of the olden school, cold, but chaste. Perrin as Genaro, was good—a clever actor is Perrin. The theatre was tolerably well filled—lots of pretty, vivacious French women there. The *modistes* should make the sleeves of the ladies' frocks set better. We noticed several fashionably dressed females with their finely formed arms dowdily done up. This should be attended to. We admire the present fashion of tight sleeves, but they should be made to set close and tidy.

The *Camp street Theatre* was filled to the ceiling. Mrs. Carr had a benefit. Wreaths were thrown upon the stage, and the fair lady was called out at the end of the performance to testify her gratitude, which she did by thanking the audience in general, and the Louisiana Greys in particular.

We saw the Swiss Cottage at the *St. Charles*. Latham does Natz Teick in a happy, quiet manner. Hunt appears improving in health. Miss Melton's Lisette, although nothing like Mrs. Keeley's, was fair. It may be considered none of our business to dictate or even advise, what kind of stockings or what color a lady should wear, but we must say that a *light blue* is the legitimate color among the Swiss peasantry. Perhaps Miss Melton is fearful of being wrote down a *blue stocking*, and therefore, she wore black. New Orleans Herald.

Pittsburg Theatre.—We are happy to perceive that the Pittsburg theatre is well sustained. Since its opening for the season, it has attracted crowded houses—proving both the delicacy and chasteness of the Thespian corps, and the taste and good sense of our citizens. Am. Manufacturer, April 22.

☞ The audience at the *Tremont* last evening was the largest the Watsons have had since their engagement. The performances went off remarkably well—the songs and duets, by Mrs. W. and Mrs. Bailey, were much applauded, and frequently encored. The Pirate Boy will be repeated to-night.

Tom and Jerry, at the *National*, was presented in renovated style, and played to a pretty full house. Mr. Smith has done himself great credit by the manner in which he has gotten up this popular extravaganza. Boston Morning Post.

First Spring Meeting, TRENTON, N. J., Eagle Course.

TUESDAY, April 25, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.; sub. $300 each, h. ft., 4 subs. Mile heats.
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse 1 1
W. McCoun's ch. c. *John R.*, by Henry, out of Grasshopper ....
Daniel Abbott's c. *Shepherd*, by Dashall, dam by Revenge ....
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) ch. c. by Busiris, out of Escape .... pd. ft.
Time, 1:58—1:55. Won cleverly. Placing not received.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $500, free for all ages. Three mile heats.
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler, 6 yrs. 121lbs. 1 1
M. Ivin's ch. h. *Jesse Richards*, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 6 yrs. 121lbs. 2 2
Time, 6:05—6:25. Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY, April 26.—Post Stakes for 4 year olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 111lbs.; sub. $100 each, P. P., and $200 added by the Proprietor; 4 subs. Two mile heats.
Capt R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace 1 1
Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. c. by Medley 4 2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Henry*, by Henry 2 3
Wm. Gibbons's b. f. by Monmouth Eclipse 3 4
Time, 3:52—3:53. Won by the favorite.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Purse $150, free for all, Mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs., with 3lbs. deduction to m.'s and g.'s.
C. S. Lloyd's gr. c. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs. 1 1
Wm. Gibbons' (G. T. Willson's) br. h. *Tarquin*, by Henry, out of Ostrich, 6 yrs. 3 2
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) br. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, dam by Rattler, 6 yrs. 2 3
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs. 4 4
Mr. ——'s (W. Livingston's) gr. c. *April Fool*, by Imp. Barefoot, d. Betsey Ransom, 4 y 5 5
Time, 1:52½—1:51.

THURSDAY, April 27.—Purse $250, free for all ages, weights as before; and an inside stake of $3000 between Tom Moore and Middlesex. Two mile heats.
R. A. Conover's (Robt. L. Stevens') ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, d. Lalla Rookh, 6 y. 1 1
John McCoun's br. h. *Emilius*, by Eclipse, out of the Filho mare, 6 yrs. 4 2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. *Middlesex*, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, 5 yrs. 2 3
Jas. B. Kendall's br. h. *Highlander*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs. 3 4
Time, 3:52—3:56.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Commencing on the 18th inst., were run over the *Tree Hill Course*. We make up the annexed report from our correspondence and the Richmond Whig. It will be seen that "Monsieur Tonson's come again," *Argyle* having won the three mile purse, beating the imported Apparition mare, *Margaret Armistead*, in very good time, considering the heaviness of the track.

TUESDAY, April 18, 1837—*Tree Hill Course.*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 87lbs. Sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats, 4 subs.
Joshua Goode's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles 3 1 1
James Lyle's ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles 1 3 2
Richard Adams' ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles 2 2 3
Time not given. A very pretty race between the sisters.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; same conditions as above—5 subs. Mile heats.
John Chapman's b. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne's dam 1 1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles 2 2
John Heth's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles .... 3 *
* Col. Heth's colt bolted and threw his rider.

WEDNESDAY, April 19.—Proprietor's Purse $250, Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs., with a deduction of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s.
Col. John Heth's ch. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs. 1 1
Col. Wm R. Johnson's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs. 3 2
Richard Adams' br. m. *Virginia*,* by Sir Charles, out of Star's dam 2 3
O. P. Hare's b. m. *Nyla*,† by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. .... 4 dis
Time, 3:57—3:56½. * Virginia's age is omitted. † Nyla is called *Nozlar*, in some of the reports, which are very defective, the dams of the horses being in almost every instance omitted.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats. Weights as before.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged 1 1
Col. John Heth's br. m. *Margaret Armistead*, (late Rebecca Coleman,) by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs. 2 2
Edw. B. Settle's (Mr. Nelson's) b. c. *Ricohock*, by Marion, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. bolted on 1st quarter, threw his rider, and was consequently .... dis
Time, 5:58—5:57½.

FRIDAY, April 21.—Proprietor's Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Weights as before.
John Belcher's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 1 2 3 1 1
John M. Botts' br. h. *Reuben Glenroy*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. .... 3 3 1 *
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clifford's dam, 4 yrs. .... 2 1 2 dr
John S. Corbin's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Tip Top, 4 yrs. .... pd. ft.
Time, 1:56—1:53—1:59½—2:05. * Reuben Glenroy broke down in 4th heat.

Will the clerks of the Virginia Courses, in reporting their Spring meetings, take the precaution to give the dams and age of the different entries? The omission of these particulars heretofore, has led to frequent errors, which have crept into racing calendars and stud books, so as seriously to impair their authenticity and value, and we have reason to believe that undue advantage has been taken of the fact, after horses have been sold out of the State.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) SPRING RACES.

The courtesy of Col. John P. White, the proprietor, enables us to give this week, a report of the recent meeting of the Tappahannock Jockey Club, which commenced on the 18th inst., resulting as follows:—

TUESDAY, April 18, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Maj. James P. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar 1 1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Director 3 2
Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab 2 3
Time, 1:53—1:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—For the *Mount Clement Plate*, given for 3 yr. olds, as above, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus 2 0 1 1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles 1 0 2 2
Maj. Jas. P. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, bolted, and was .... dis
Time, 1:59—1:55—2:00—2:02.

WEDNESDAY, April 19.—Proprietor's Purse $150, free for all ages. Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds, 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.
Col. John P. White's b. g. *Switch*, by Bottetourt Whip, out of Miss Chance, by Imp. Chance, 5 yrs. 1 1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. *Cash*, by Carolinian, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 2 2
Geo. B. Poindexter's bl. h. *Black Rabbit*, by Engineer, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 3 3
T. H. Taliaferro's b. m. by Prince Rupert, dam by Bussorah, 5 yrs. .... dis
Time, 4:00 each heat.

THURSDAY, April 20.—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages. Weights as before. Three mile heats.
Thomas H. Taliaferro's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs. 3 1 1
Geo. B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 6 yrs. 2 2 2
H. Davis' b. c. *Emmet*, by Sir Charles, dam by Handel, 4 yrs. 1 3 3
Maj. Jas. P. Corbin's ch. f. *Irene*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs. .... 4 4 dis
Time, 5:56—5:54—5:59.

April 22, 1837. Yours with respect, JOHN P. WHITE.

BELFIELD (Va.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, April 11, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 87lbs, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Six subs. Mile heats.
H. Maclin's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Peggy Mader 1 1
E. P. Scott's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Thaddeus 3 2
Wm. M. Moody's br. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Hal 2 3
Thos. Sidley's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal .... bolt.
Time, 1:55—2:02. Won with great ease.

WEDNESDAY, April 12.—Proprietor's Purse $250, Two mile heats. Weights: 3 yr. olds' 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s.
Wm. McCargo's br. c. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, dam by Clay's William, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
H. Maclin's ch. c. *Tom Cringle*, by Carolinian, dam ——, 4 yrs. 3 3 2
Geo. Goodwyn's br. m. *Catherine Davis*, by Mons. Tonson, d. by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. .... 1 2 dr
E. P. P. Scott's ro. c. by Eclipse, out of the dam of Calculation, 4 yrs. .... 4 4 dis
Time, 4:03—3:54—4:00.

A very interesting race. Betting before starting 4 and 5 to 1 on Catherine Davis, the favorite of the field, notwithstanding it was understood she was far below tip top condition.

THURSDAY, April 13.—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20. Three mile heats. Weights as before.
Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *John Tyler*, by Eclipse, dam Creeping Kate, 4 yrs. 4 1 2 1
Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. *Little Billy*, by Iphiclus, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs. 3 4 1 2
D. Dugger's ch. c. *Jumper*, by Eclipse, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs. .... 1 2 3 dr
W. H. E. Merritt's ch. m. *Sophia*, by Redgauntlet, dam Clara Fisher, 4 yrs. .... 2 3 dr
Time, 5:55—6:00—6:07—6:25.

FRIDAY, April 14.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (weights as before), sub. $100 each, h. ft. Seven subs. Mile heats.
Wm. B. Goodwyn's gr. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie 1 1
D. Dugger's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Peachem 2 2
Time, 1:52—1:52. Track in good order. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., 5 subs. Mile heats. Weights as before.
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp Fylde, dam by Constitution 1 1
W. H. E. Merritt's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Lady La Grange 3 2
H. Maclin's cr. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Junius 2 3
Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director .... dis
Time, 1:52—1:52. Won by a head.

The Petersburgh Constellation, in which we find the official report above, has the annexed paragraph in relation to the meeting.

Belfield Races.—The Spring meeting of the Belfield Jockey Club took place last week. We annex particulars below. The racing, three out of the four days, was unusually interesting to the spectators, of whom a considerable concourse of the most respectable character were assembled, from Greensville and the counties adjacent. No attention was spared by Dr. George Goodwyn, the proprietor of the course and of the Belfield Hotel, to contribute to the comfort and accommodation of all who were present on the occasion. Among the visiters to the track, was Mr. Tattersall, jr. of London, now on a visit to Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, whose extensive importations of blooded stock of the highest character are well known to our readers.

MACON (Ga.) SPRING RACES.

The kindness of an attentive friend in forwarding by the Express Mail the annexed report of the Macon Races, enables us to lay it before our readers at the North and West, at an earlier period than it will reach them through the Georgia papers. The races commenced on the 11th inst., over the *Central Course*, the track of which is *thirty-three yards* short of a mile. The time given below has been compared with the Secretary's book, and found to be correct in every instance.

Macon, Ga., April 19th, 1837.

Dear Sir,—In a letter to yourself some time since, mention was made of several fine stables that had arrived on the Central Course, to contend for the purses offered by the Macon Jockey Club. In addition to those then spoken of, other stables subsequently reached here, in which were horses of known racing qualities. It was remarked that there never was, since the formation of this Club, a finer display of horses, than was exhibited at this meeting; and the weather being very fine, great sport was anticipated by the citizens, and I assure you that their most sanguine expectations were realized.

TUESDAY, April 11, 1837.—Purse $200, free for all ages, ent. $15, Mile heats. Weights: 2 year olds, a feather; 3 yrs. 86lbs.; 4, 100; 5, 110; 6, 118; and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.
Thatcher B. Howard's ch. f. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs. 1 1
G. Edmonson's br. f. *Charlotte Barnes*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs. 3 2
John Vance's bl. g. *Blue Black*, by Van Tromp, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 4 3
Col. John Crowell's ch. f. *Eclipsia*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 3 yrs. 2 4
N. Fitch's b. c. *Oseola*, by Ratler, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. .... 5 dis
Time, 1:49 each heat. Track 33 yards less than a mile.

Many of the entries had contended upon other courses with credit, and the others from private trials were said to possess much foot, consequently it cannot be said that there was a favorite; the two Eclipse fillies were taken against the other three—and some bets were made that Eclipsia would take the 1st heat.

When the order was given for saddling, and the horses uncovered, there was every indication of their being in first rate plight. They were lead to the post in the following order:—No. 1, Ajarrah Harrison; No. 2, Oseola; No. 3, Charlotte Barnes; No. 4, Eclipsia; No. 5, Blue Black. At the tap of the drum they were all well off together, but it soon became apparent that Ajarrah was too fleet for her competitors, and would win the heat, which she did in fine style. After the usual time allowed for rubbing had expired, they were again brought to the post; the signal was given, but owing to the mismanagement of the turners of Blue Black and Charlotte Barnes, Ajarrah got decidedly the advantage in the start, being a full distance in front. They however went to work from the stand, and succeeded in giving Oseola and Eclipsia the go by, but did not have the speed required to overhaul their successful rival. There are various opinions as to the probable result of this heat had the start been equal, many believing that Charlotte would have taken it. It is very possible that if Charlotte had had the same start of Ajarrah that Ajarrah had of her, that Charlotte would have won the heat; but Ajarrah is no slouch in a mile heat race, which you will perceive from the time—1:59 each heat.

WEDNESDAY, April 12.—Purse $300, ent. $20, Two mile heats. Weights as before.
J. Moore's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 4 yrs. 4 1 1
Capt. D. Rowe's b. h. *Vertumnus*, by Eclipse, out of Empress, by Defiance, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
T. B. Howard's ch. f. *Maria Burke*, by Eclipse, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. .... 3 dis
G. Edmonson's ch. h. *Chronometer*, by Bertrand, dam by Certorius, 4 yrs. .... 3 dr
N. Fitch's b. f. *Nashville Maid*, by Columbus, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. .... 5 dis
Time, 3:47—3:46—3:49. Track 33 yards short of a mile.

Two or three of the above entries were horses of repute, having figured upon the Southern turf for the last two years, and must be known to yourself as *good ones*. Chronometer, (mentioned as Napoleon,) it was stated by his owner, would not be started for the second heat, unless he won the first, being, as he thought, not in order for the race: not winning, he was withdrawn. Nashville Maid is a filly of fine appearance, but not being generally known, had but few friends. Maria Burke had many backers, and the principal bets were made between her and Vertumnus, whose friends were numerous. Turnbull, it was thought, could not win, or even prove troublesome in the race, he having but very recently recovered from the distemper, and many bets were made $100 to 20 against his taking the purse. I took advantage of these offers, and was benefited to the amount of $100, as you will perceive by casting your eye to the result. This race was one of great excitement and interest from the commencement, but particularly so after the 1st heat. The backers of Vertumnus becoming more confident, threw banters of two to one on their favorite against the field, which were taken up by those who were judges of condition; not that there was any symptom of distress about Vertumnus, for he cooled off finely, but it was thought from the hard pull under which Turnbull was rode, that he stood a good chance of winning the next heat, or at least, being a troublesome competitor.

The starting this day was good, and you may infer what kind of running we had from the time, which was unparalleled upon this course. Second heat Vertumnus ran off a-head, closely followed by Maria Burke and Nashville Maid, Turnbull in the rear, but gradually creeping up to the crowd. Maria prudently gave up the course after running one mile and a half, and Nashville Maid, finding her more robust companions uncourteous, quitted their company, and joined her more congenial friend, Maria, in the rear. Turnbull kept up a stride that was bound to tell in the end, succeeded in placing himself in front, and came home one or two lengths a-head.

Vertumnus being now the only contending horse, (the other two being dist.,) bets were made 5 to 1 on Turnbull. They were again brought to the stand, neither evincing distress. At the tap of the drum they were off, Turnbull taking the lead, and keeping it throughout, winning in a gallop.

THURSDAY, April 13.—Purse, $500, ent. $25, Three mile heats. Weights as before.
Col. John Crowell's b. f. *Leannah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs. 1 1
Mr. John Vance's ch. h. *Jane Lamar*, by Contention, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 3 2
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. m. *Lady Morgan*, by John Richards, d. by Imp Expedition, 5 yrs. 2 3
Time, 5:53—5:49. Track 33 yards less than a mile.

In this, as with the previous races, the people were at a loss which to choose; Lady Morgan had proved herself a race nag in her contention with Lady Nashville and Miss Medley at Augusta, had beaten Hickory John at Charleston, but had been beaten by one of her present competitors in a two mile race. Leannah looked as fine as silk, and was to be dreaded. Jane Lamar had not figured much on the turf, but looked well—(but between you and I, not so well as three days ago.) Leannah finally became the favorite, and bets were made on her against the field. They were brought to the post as follows:—Leannah first, Lady Morgan second, Jane Lamar third.

The start was good, Lady Morgan taking the lead, which she kept until the third mile, when she was passed by Leannah, and could never overtake her.

When they were brought to the stand the second time, Lady Morgan showed symptoms of distress; the other two cooled off well. The start exceedingly bad, Leannah having greatly the advantage of Jane Lamar, whose turner held on to her, thinking that the judges would call her back, and it was not until they bid him let her loose that he did so; thus she was compelled from the start to do her best. She overtook Lady Morgan and passed her, and approached very near to Leannah, but the brush was out, she could not pass. Leannah won the heat and purse.

FRIDAY, April 14.—Purse $700, ent. $30, Four mile heats. Weights as before.
Mr. T. B. Howard's gr. m. *Miss Medley*, by Johnson's Medley, d. by St. Tammany, 5 ys 1 1
Capt. D. Rowe's s. g. *Clodhopper*, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 2 2
Col. Jas. J. Pittman's ch. h. *Francis Marion*, by Marion, d. Malvina by Sir Archie, 6 y. .... 3 dr
Time, 7:57—8:00. Track 33 yards short of a mile.

Previous to the race Col. Pittman posted up the following *Card*:—

"*Francis Marion* is entered without the least expectation of success, having a split hoof, and being otherwise in bad fix; but as this is *positively his last appearance*, I am induced to run him, that the community may be satisfied of his superior qualities as a race horse when in order. [Signed] J. J. PITTMAN."

I would only remark, that both heats were won by Miss Medley without whip or spur,—she was never headed from the start. Clodhopper is as game a horse as I ever have seen make a track, but he was too low to-day. Francis Marion was drawn after the 1st heat, very lame.

SATURDAY, April 15.—Purse $300, ent. $20, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Weights as before.
G. Edmondson's ch. c. *Chronometer*, (pedigree above) 4 yrs. 1 1 1
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. m. *Lady Morgan*, " " 5 yrs. 4 2 2
John Vance's ch. f. *Jane Lamar*, " " 4 yrs. 3 4 3
Col. Crowell's (John G. Winter's) br. h. *Long Measure* (own brother to Bill Austin), by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs. 5 5 4
Joseph Moore's b. c. *Black Duke*, by Robin Adair, dam by Sir Andrew, 4 yrs. 2 3 5
Time, 1:49½—1:53—1:53. Track 33 yards less than a mile.

This race caused more interest than any preceding day. Lady Morgan was said to be the best horse on the turf for this distance. Jane Lamar had the foot (it was thought by her friends), of my Lady. Black Duke, from the stable of Turnbull, it was affirmed, had more foot than the winner of the two mile day. In short, every horse had his friends; even Long Measure was backed to a great amount. Many bets were made the two mares against the horses. Long Measure had the track, Jane Lamar 2d, Chronometer 3d, Lady Morgan 4th, Black Duke 5th. Previous to the start, it was whispered about that Black Duke was lame, and not in order, which caused his friends some unpleasant feelings, but it was then too late to retract. They had a fine start, and it was difficult to discern the foremost horse, so closely did four of them run together for ¾ of a mile, when three commenced pulling up, and suffered Chronometer and Duke to contend for the heat; it was a beautiful brush, and until they arrived opposite the Judges' stand, you could not tell the foremost nag. Chronometer, it was decided, won the heat by half a neck.

The second heat Black Duke run off a-head, and every one thought he would win the heat with ease; but for some cause unknown to me, his rider, when entering on the stretch home, pulled him up so suddenly, that many thought that he was let down in his legs, and Chronometer passed and won the heat with ease. As Lady Morgan had not made an effort as yet, it was strongly believed that she would win the 3d heat. They were all again brought to the stand. Duke had the appearance of being cramped, the others looked measurably fine. At the tap they were all off together. Morgan made a hard struggle, but it would not avail, for Bertrand's blood was hard to tire, and Chronometer came to the post a-head, thus winning three straight heats and the purse.

After the above race was over, there was a *Mule Race*, which was the occasion of a great deal of merriment to the spectators. There were 3 entries, at $15 each, which resulted as follows:—
Mr. J. Vance's mule *Kite* 1 1
Mr. J. B. L.'s mule *Lady Rouser* 2 2
Mr. J. T. L.'s mule *Grey Medley* 3 3
Time, 2:30—2:34.

Kite is a mule of great muscular powers, and is well known throughout Georgia, having run upon other tracks with success, and it was said could do his mile in two minutes and 15 seconds. Grey Medley has contended with saddle ponies, and won her race hard in hand. Lady Rouser, not being distinguished by any public performance, could not be relied on; still, those who were in the confidence of her owner, backed her to a moderate amount against Grey Medley. Lady Rouser, in a trial on the road in the vicinity of this place, had beat eight mules—one let loose at any quarter—with ease; so she was known to have bottom as well as foot. The first and second heats were well contested by Lady Rouser, Kite beating by a length only.

MONDAY, April 17.—Purse (the entrance money of the previous days) $288, ent. $50, Two miles out. Weights as before.
J. Moore's gr. c. *Turnbull*, (pedigree above,) 4 yrs. 1
G. Edmondson's f. *Jane Reid*, by Lance, d. Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition, 4 yr. 2
John Vance's bl. g. *Blue Black*, (pedigree above,) 5 yrs. 3
T. B. Howard's ch. f. *Ajarrah Harrison*, (pedigree above,) 3 yrs. 4
Time not given.

In this letter I have endeavored to give you the circumstances attending our races, and you can rely upon their correctness; but you will oblige me by making any alterations in my phraseology, etc., you deem proper, as the report was hastily penned. G.

P. S. A match has been concluded for $5000 a-side, between Mr. Edmonson's br. f. *Charlotte Barnes* and Mr. Lovell's ch. h. *Gerow*, Four mile heats—to come off over the Lafayette Course, Augusta, the ensuing Fall. There was some bantering during our meeting between the friends of *Hickory John* and *Miss Medley*, but nothing in the shape of a match resulted from it. G.

TUSCALOOSA (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary of the Club for an early report of the recent meeting. The following gentlemen composed the *Officers of the Club*: W. A. Verell, Esq., President pro tem; William Clair, Esq., Vice President; Thos. Adkins, Esq., Asst. Judge; William Armington, Esq., Treasurer; and Eli Wells, Esq., Secretary and Timer.

MONDAY, April 3, 1837.—Match, $500 a-side, Mile heats. Weights: 4 yrs. 100—5, 110lbs.
W. A. Verell's gr. h. *John Anderson-my Joe*,* by Pacific, out of Summer's Matilda, by Young Florizel, (called Greytail, in Tennessee,) 4 yrs. 1 1
Dr. Wm. A. Leland's s. h. *Nullification*, by Caledonian, dam by Director, 5 yrs. .... 2 dis
Time, 1:56—1:54. * Trained by Gen. J. A. Mabry, of Tenn.

TUESDAY, April 4.—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Subscription $1000 each, h. ft., with $1000 added by the Club. Two mile heats; 5 subs.
John B. Jones' b. f. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder 2 1 1
Gen. J. A. Mabry's s. c. *Hugh Lawson White*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Conqueror .... 1 2 dis
Dr. Robt. Wm. Withers' gr. f. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair .... dis
Dr. Wm. A. Leland's *Miss Millwood*, being out of order .... pd. ft.
Mr. ——'s b. c. *Superior* .... pd. ft.
Time, 4:02—4:04—4:11. Track very heavy.

Alice Gray broke away with her rider, and was brought back to the stand with difficulty. Hugh had the inside, and was the favorite at 2 to 1. After a smart struggle, he won the 1st heat by half a length, distancing Alice Gray. The 2d and 3d heats were severely contested, but Zelina won both, coming in under a pull the 3d heat, distancing Hugh, the mud having taken all the "go along" out of him. The race was run during a heavy shower, and the track was fetlock deep.

WEDNESDAY, April 5.—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30 each, added, Two mile heats.
Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's gr. m. *Mary Queen of Scotts*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 107lbs. .... walked over.
Mr. Verell's Bertrand filly, *Miss Webber*, was entered, but paid forfeit. She is bay, 3 yrs. old; her dam is omitted in the report sent us.

THURSDAY, April 6.—Purse $200, ent. $20 each, added. Mile heats.
Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's b. m. *Lilac*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 107lbs. .... walked over.

FRIDAY, April 7.—Purse $500, ent. $50 each, added. Three mile heats.
Gen. Jas. A. Mabry's s. c. *Hugh Lawson White*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. .... walked over.

Mr. Jones' three mile nag was lamed in training, so that Hugh had no competitor; indeed, that gentleman had left town with his stable before an entrance was made for the $500 purse. The proprietor of the course will contrive hereafter, we should imagine, to ensure the attendance of such stables that Gen. M.'s *Leviathans* will have to earn their money. At the December meeting, Gen. M. received $400 out of the two smallest Club purses *to withdraw his horses*, having won the largest, and at this meeting it seems his horses walked over for three purses more. In the report of the Secretary, horses have been weighted as if they dated their age from the 1st of January, instead of May, which course we are glad to see is becoming general, though we were not aware it had been adopted by the Tuscaloosa Club.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) RACES.

TUESDAY, March 28, 1837.—Match, $2000 a-side, Two mile heats. Catch weights.
Fergus Duplantier's br. h. *John Beasley*, by Mercury, dam full sister to Stockholder 1 1
Thos. Picket's b. g. *Plato*, by Bertrand, dam by—— 2 2
Time, 3:55—3:54½.

Plato having won his match, two mile heats, with Mr. Duplantier's *Go-it-Jerry*, with apparent ease, although not in very good time, became ambitious of flying at higher game, and he was allowed the honor of contending with John Beasley.

The race came off to-day, with the track in excellent order, the weather delightful, the attendance good, and the parties confident of success. If my letter of yesterday [published last week, *vide* page 80,] take the lead of this of to-day, you will have inferred that we have several of the knowing ones with us. When the horses were stripped, I took the opportunity of ascertaining their opinions. John Beasley was pronounced to be in tip-top condition. The same favorable opinion was not entertained of Plato, and a marked partiality for the former was observable.

The start was a good one, Plato making the first running. His backers were beginning "to lay the flattering unction to their souls," that they had not caught a tartar; but it could not last. Before the first round was completed, which was run in 1:50, with Plato fairly up, John's superiority became evident, and he won the first heat, Plato drawing up near the termination, in 3:55.

At the expiration of 30 minutes, the horses again came to the stand, neither of them much distressed, and entered upon the second heat, with a good start, John now leading—making the first round at his ease in two minutes. In entering upon the back stretch, he dashed away from his competitor, and went gallantly ahead of him until the turn, when under a severe pull from his rider, Plato was suffered to near him. Here Plato was admirably managed, and by the great skill of his rider, was brought upon the quarter stretch in a manner which gave some hopes of a good run home. But it was not in him—John Beasley came in at a slapping pace, winning the heat with ease in 3:54½. Odds at the start, 2 to 1 on John Beasley. Some few bets were taken on the second heat at 10 and 20 to 1.

In the match there was no distance, none having been agreed upon by the par-

ties when the match was concluded, which is, I believe in accordance with the rule.

[In the race between John Beasley and Arbaces, I took the time from the timer. I have since consulted with him and find that I was correct. My friend H——n I believe is mistaken.]

WEDNESDAY, March 29.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, ent. $100 each, h. ft., for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1834—running as 2 year olds. Colts to carry 65lbs., fillies and geldings allowed 3lbs.—12 entries; 2 dead; 3 paid forfeit.

Fergus Duplantier's b. f. by Candidate, dam by Pacolet	3	3	1	1
Theodore Orillion's b. f. by Boaster, dam by Whip	2	1	3	2
Joseph Thompson's ch. f. by Candidate, dam by Pacolet	4	1	2 r o	
Robt. Bell's ch. c. by Boaster, dam by Imp. Eagle	1	2	dis	
F. H. Davis's b. f. by ——, dam by Stockholder	5	dis		
Richard Reames' ch. c. by Boaster, dam by ——	6	dis		
Moses Brown's b. f. by Candidate, dam by ——	7	dis		

Time, 1:56—1:58—2:06—2:15.

This Sweepstakes was made up with colts and fillies raised in the immediate neighborhood, before the institution of our club, and some of the owners, from the difficulty of procuring proper trainers and riders, could not have justice done to their colts. The contest was highly interesting, and full of excitement to the last, and all the colts won great favor by their style of running the first heat.

The first heat was beautifully contested throughout, all the colts coming in in good style, crowded upon the winner. The Stockholder filly, and Reames' colt had scarcely any advantage of training, and their performance more than equalled expectation.

The favorites at starting were Duplantier's filly, Bell's colt, and Orillion's filly, which last, during the three first heats, carried 12lbs. extra weight. Thompson's filly had many friends, and ran an excellent second, the third heat. It was thought, indeed, by some, that she might have won it, and that her owner calculated upon the fourth heat, forgetting that he could not run for it unless he had won a previous heat.

Duplantier's filly won the race after a very severe contest, which left her dead lame, and from the effects of which she will not soon recover.

THURSDAY, March 30.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, ent. $100, h. ft.

R. C. Morris's ch. h. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs. 100lbs	3	1	1
Wm. H. Bell's gr. c. by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 2 yrs. 70lbs	1	2	dr
Robt. Smith's br. f. *Sally McCall*, by Imp. Leviathan, 2 yrs. 67lbs	2	dis	

Time, 1:56—2:00.

The betting was principally between the gr. c. and the br. f. She having been distanced the second heat, the gr. c. was drawn, and the purse given to the horse.

FRIDAY, March 31.—Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, ent. $100, h. ft.

Jos. Thompson's ch. g. *John Randolph*, by Candidate dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1
Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. *Purity*, by Arab, dam a Whip mare, 84lbs	2	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. c. *Prospero*, by Pacific, dam Sarah Ann, by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 86lbs	3	dis

Time, 3:57—3:59.

SAME DAY.—Match, Mile heats, $300 a-side.

Walker Thurston's b. f. *Buckeye Lass*, by Hephestion, d. a Whip mare, 4 yrs. 72lbs	1	1
Joseph Thompson's ch. g. by Sir Richard, dam a Diomed mare, 5 yrs. 87lbs	2	2

Time, 1:55—2:00.

The quarter race mentioned in my last will not be run. *Molly Long* having paid forfeit to *Beverley Prior*.

But a race is made to come off on the Two mile day, Friday, April 7, *John Beasley* against *Naked Truth*, Four mile heats, $1000 a-side, h. ft., John to carry 90lbs., Truth to carry 70lbs.

This will be a betting race and a quick one.

Two 4 mile days in the same week will not be bad—with *Fanny Wright* and *Kathleen* to close the ball. Yours, &c. HERSEY.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Columbia, April 12, 1837.

Dear Sir,—A few days since I was looking over an October number of the Spirit of the Times, and in it I saw something respecting my friend Hammond, of Augusta, Geo., "getting up steam—boiler bursting," &c.; however, he beat *Miss Medley* with *Hickory John* in gallant style. Last summer I heard Hammond say, that he would cross the ocean if necessary, to get a nag to beat the Medley mare; but he saved that long journey by getting hold of Hickory John, who is made of good stuff, but not of steel. He stood his work for six months Hickory like, but the seventh at Charleston, on the Washington Course, proved that the steam had been too long kept up, for his boiler, or rather his foot, burst, in consequence of which the steam has been let off until the next campaign.

That truly splendid horse *Rowton*, is making a great season; the most judicious breeders in the South are sending to him—the colts that I have seen of his last season's get, look as if they will do this country some service; the time is not far off when the South will be able to supply the North with race horses of the best blood. [An original idea, and a good joke, faith; send us Rowton himself and we will be obliged, but as to breeding race-nags for the North, "the blood of Douglas can protect itself." Sending racers here would be a speculation like shipping coals to Newcastle, or cotton to Carolina.—*Editor.*]

Col. Hampton has some of the most promising young stock I ever saw. It is not to be excelled by any thing in this or the old country for purity of blood or form.

We have a little man here, that I think can outrun your great Stannard, my friend D. of L—e Dist. He set out a few morning's since with his rifle to hunt wild turkies; in crossing an old field that is noted for the quarter paths laid out in it, he saw a turkey about seventy yards off, fired and the turkey fell; he ran and took it up, and finding it a large fat gobbler, concluded to return home and have it dressed for dinner. He had proceeded but a few steps before he saw another, and laid down his wounded turkey, struggling (as he thought) with death, and commenced loading his rifle, when up jumped the [pretty considerably astonished] turkey and gave leg bail for his appearance at dinner. D— threw down his rifle and put out after the wounded gobbler; they were near the head of the quarter paths, and the gobbler like a well-trained horse, took one of the paths, with D— after him, running a good second at a slashing rate; it was a delightful contest for about three hundred yards, when it became evident that D— began to gain on his wounded competitor, and the gobbler, rather than be defeated in the race, bolted and took through some thorns and brush, where he had the race all his own way, and poor D—, almost exhausted for breath, was not only "distanced" but his dinner was "no where." He had to "put down flatty," as "N." says, after his rifle, and finally returned home with an excellent appetite to enjoy Grumio's "mustard without the beef." Very respectfully yours, G.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A COBRA DE CAPELLA.

From a letter dated Kirkee, near Poonah, East Indies, July 8, 1836.

"I had escaped for a day from the incessant routine of military duties, for which the Potsdam of India is so justly celebrated. It was about the conclusion of the monsoon of 1835; the quail were abundant, and after some hours hard fagging, through dark and heavy grass, I felt inclined to rest; an adjacent tamarind tree, of noble growth, yielded an inviting shelter from the sun, that, for the season of the year, was oppressively hot. The few beaters that accompanied me had set off to a neighboring gaum to obtain some refreshment. Left to myself, I was employed, much to my own satisfaction, in counting over the contents of a well-filled game bag, and mentally portioning off lots as presents to my friends. From this state of pleasing indolence, which a shooter is apt to indulge in after a severe fatigue, I was aroused by the furious barking of my dogs; on turning round I beheld a snake, of the cobra de capella species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very close upon my position; in an instant I was on my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology, 'it boldly brought to,' with expanded hood, eyes sparkling, and neck beautifully arched; the head raised nearly two feet from the ground, and oscillating from side to side in a manner plainly indicative of a resentful foe. I seized the 'nearest weapon of my wrath,' a short bamboo, felled by one of the beaters, and hurled it at my opponent's head; I was fortunate enough to hit it beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell from its imposing attitude, and lay apparently lifeless. Without a moment's reflection, I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of a tree, and very coolly sat down to examine the mouth for the poisoned fangs, of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing open the mouth with a stick, I felt the head sliding through my hand, and, to my utter astonishment, became aware that I now had to contend against the most deadly of reptiles, in its full strength and vigor. Indeed, I was in a moment convinced of it; for as I tightened my hold of the throat, its body became wreathed round my neck and arm. I had raised myself from a sitting posture to one knee; my right arm (to enable me to exert my strength) was extended. I must, in such an attitude, have appeared horrified enough to represent a deity in the Hindoo mythology, such as we often see rudely emblazoned on the portals of their native temples. It now became a matter of self-defence: to retain my hold, and prevent the head from escaping, required my utmost strength, as my neck became a purchase for the animal to pull upon. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the cobra de capella is held throughout India, and the almost instant death which invariably follows its bite, he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at the moment—a shudder, a faint kind of disgusting sickness, pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the cold, clammy folds of the reptile's body tightening around my neck. To attempt any delineation of my sensations would be absurd and futile: let it suffice they were most horrible—I had almost resolved to let go my hold. Had I done so this tale would never have been written; as no doubt the head would have been wrought to the extreme circumlocution to inflict its deadly wound. Even in the agony of such a moment, I could picture to myself the fierce glowing of the eyes, and the intimidating expansion of the hood, ere it hastened its venomous and fatal hold upon my face and neck. To hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately beneath my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the very firmness with which I held it—my hand was gloved. Finding, in defiance of all my efforts, that my hand was each instant forced closer to my face, I was anxiously considering how to act in this horrible dilemma, when an idea struck me that, were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs, should it escape my hold of it. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared the very thing required, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right arm was now trembling by over exertion, and my hold becoming less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through the lower jaw up to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I let go my hold of the throat, and suddenly seized the rod in both hands, at the same time, by bringing them over my head, with a sudden jerk, I disengaged the fold from my neck, which had latterly become almost tight enough to produce strangulation. There was then little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately to throw the reptile from me to the earth, where it continued to twist and writhe itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighboring stream, to have my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters, was my first act, after despatching my formidable enemy. Thus concludes a true, though plainly told tale. As a moral, it may prove—that when a man is possessed of determination, coolness, and energy, combined with reason, he will generally come off triumphant, though he may circumvent the subtlety of the snake, or combat the ferocity of the tiger. Madras Herald.

HINTS ON RIFLE SHOOTING.

BY CRACK.

Pray, gentle reader, have you ever practised with the Rifle? If not, we pity you from our hearts; since having gone through the accustomed games of skill, from marbles and peg-top, to cricket and billiards, and probably tennis, and being moreover a crack hand at a snipe,—to say nothing of pistol practice, and some smattering of archery,—you who are therefore competent to give an opinion on their respective merits, are unfortunately ignorant of that which is in point of interest superior to them all. Now we beg, or rather take leave, without asking, to inform you of what you very probably knew before, viz., that the reason why people prefer whist to beggar-my-neighbor, chess to whist, billiards to marbles, and tennis to cricket, is simply because beggar-my-neighbor bears about the same relation to whist, and whist to chess, as marbles to billiards, and cricket to tennis. They form gradations in difficulties, and the more difficult the game, the more do their Vanityships value themselves upon having acquired it. Be it, however, understood, that we speak here of a reasonable amount of vanity and conceit only; for of that class of indescribables who decline attempting to do anything which they cannot do well at once, we speak not, but of those only who agree with us that nothing worth knowing or doing is to be got at without some labor and trouble. Now this is particularly true of the rifle, and if you have the perseverance to make yourself a good shot, so you will find it. That your labor, however, and trouble, aye, and your time too if judiciously managed, will be well spent, we dare aver; for it will give you patience, coolness, judgment, and confidence, and, if it treat you as it has done us, health and spirits into the bargain. It is particularly the sport for a semi-invalid, because he is not likely to overdo it, nor does it involve exposure to cold, wet, and over-fatigue, as most other sports do.

But come! we began by asking a question, which you have answered negatively. Now for another! Do you ever shoot rooks—and with shot? If you do, take yourself away! We abominate the proceeding, as one having for its sole end and aim, murder!—wilful murder—butchery of the most atrocious and deliberate description, and possessing no one redeeming trait, but the giving you a severe head-ache by way of retribution, and improving the powder trade! It requires some nerve to stand the rising of a covey of partridges;—to bring down an old cock pheasant with entire coolness, calls for an exertion of physical and moral courage, which no cockney ever did, or ever will, contrive to muster. But the destruction of these poor forlorn "perchers," sitting in disconsolate wonder, in full relief against the clear blue sky—whereby you may count their tail feathers—and ever and anon at each bang relinquishing their hold, and coming to the ground with all the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling, absolutely requires no one quality, faculty, or temperament of mind, or body, save that of an incomprehensible attachment to musical discords, and an utter indifference to the sufferings of parental affection! An air-gun is admissable for any one who considers the achievement of pumping the wind into the stock as a sufficient recompense for the necessary inconvenience of pumping it out of himself during the operation; and for a cross-bow we have entertained considerable respect ever since we read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner,"—but then you require a drayman to bend it. Both, however, clumsy and efficient though they be, are still "ball-practice," and respectable *pro tanto;* but rook-shooting with shot is positively atrocious, and unworthy of a civilized man in a civilized age! But take your rifle in hand, not a great unchristian howitzer, with a ball of sixteen to the lb.—that leaves no remnant of the birds but a few scattered tail feathers and intestines, and which after flying a mile and a half, knocks down the gable end of a house, or peradventure a stack of chimnies—but of a respectable guage of fifty to the lb. and upwards—stand at eighty yards from the tree—as much further as you please—and then try your skill, and you have something like an interest in hitting; aye, and leave your game something like a fair chance of war too,—providing you don't fire more than three dozen shots at any one bird, which we consider unlawful, and contrary to the established usage in all respectable rookeries. Here, by the way, we may as well enter our protest against another species of abomination, commonly called "sea-fowl shooting." To see a middle-aged gentleman, in a full sized velveteen jacket, and white kid gloves, attended by a livery servant, loaded with bags of shot and patent wadding, canisters of powder, and whole hampers of sandwiches, banging away at sea-gulls for ten hours without intermission, gives us a very melancholy spectacle of human nature. "He has no children, butcher!"—Do you believe it possible for any man to sleep without night-mare after such a day's work? Are not his ears still ringing with squeaking apostrophies of ten thousand infantile birdlets, each and all impatiently dying of starvation in their orphan nests? and all for the pleasure of shots which no creature endowed with the faculty of seeing beyond the length of his own superlative ears could possibly miss, though his gun were no better bored than a brass candlestick!—But wait till the breeding season is over, and then take your rifle and go to the cliffs, and we will answer for it that you will receive more satisfaction from killing one cormorant, or diver, at one hundred and fifty yards, than from slaughtering birds enough to make ten feather beds, with No. 4 and patent cartridges.

We profess ourselves to belong to that class of persons who do nothing by halves. All men have, or ought to have, their hobbies, and when we are fairly astride of ours, booted and spurred, nothing stops us. Away we go, helter skelter! over hedge, and ditch, and quagmire, to the infinite astonishment of the tadpole family, who abuse us like pickpockets as we splash through the water-lilies; and when we rejoin the king's highway—take care of your heads! we must have our gallop out! So on we go, riding over pigs, and turnpike gate-keepers, and little old women in red cloaks, as if manslaughter was a mere farce, and a coroner's inquest a flea-bite! In other words, we are enthusiastic upon all subjects for the time being, and for the present on the subject of rifles—"rifle mad," as we were facetiously enough designated a week since by an unimaginative gentleman, intended by nature for a mason's hodman. Not that we ever enacted William Tell redivivus, as did two youths of our acquaintance, by shooting apples off each other's heads at thirty paces, by the amiable intervention of a brick wall, which protected in turn every hair of the operators' heads. Nor should we like to attempt a feat performed by an old soldier and friend of ours, in our juvenile days, who had acquired a taste for ball practice in the Peninsular war. His grey mare was "like to die" of old age and infirmity, so wishing to save her that trouble he tied her to a gate, just eighty yards from the village churchyard wall, upon which he took a deliberate rest, and after two snaps and a miss-fire, sent a bullet clean through her scull, from an old long-barrelled, smooth-bore, which no prudent man would have thought of discharging. Now we think we could no more "hold steady" at an old favorite mare than we could at our grandfather, for whom, God bless us, we entertain the greatest possible affection;—we should have been decidedly nervous! Yet although we should not like to try such an experiment, any more than the favorite American pastime of striking a dollar from between a friend's finger and thumb at fifty paces, yet we beg to assure you, who are not a practised shot, that feats may and can be performed to a certainty with the rifle, which duly registered on paper, would appear to you to have been performed with the long-bow. We speak not here of our own performances, being short-sighted, and troubled with spectacles, as well as with modesty; yet we frequent the cliffs, and shoot at all objects, and at all ranges, from a titlark at thirty, to a seal or sea-gull at three hundred yards, and we advise you to do the same for three years before you presume to be sceptical. This, however, we do say, that we were present, some years ago, when an acquaintance hit a thin walking-stick the full length of Lang's shooting-gallery—twenty-one yards, if our memory serves us—three successive shots with a pistol! at which we opened our eyes so wide, that we have ever since seen the possibility of a backwoodsman hitting a dollar at one hundred yards almost to a certainty; more especially when it is considered that his rifle is three feet six inches long, and of a weight that we dare not mention, and that he is born, and lives, as all the world knows, with it in his hands, and is buried with it in his coffin; to all which requisites add steady nerves, strong muscles, quick sight, and perpetual practice, and there is no limit to accuracy in rifle-shooting.

Now to be serious a little. We must give you one caution—earnestly do we beseech you to attend to it. It is, not merely never to let your rifle be pointed towards man or beast, unless you *intend* to kill, for that applies equally to any other kind of fire-arms, and besides would be merely an extract—we quote from memory—from Colonel Hawker; but never to fire it in any direction unless you can see EXACTLY where the ball will fly. *Experto crede,*—a rifle ball always flies to the devil! nothing will stop it but a nearly perpendicular object: a mere hill will not do, for unless the bank is very steep, and soft withal, away it goes, with a whirr-r-iew-whewh! of agony which makes your heart ache. Remember, too, that the danger is great in proportion to the size of the ball. We were practising in our younger days, with an old Ferguson's rifle, which carried a ball of about twelve to the pound, at a target placed against a perpendicular cliff of rock. The ball struck on one side of an angle, formed by a wide and shallow cleft in the rock, came off from the other, and took its departure whistling, or rather howling, in a manner which electrified us. Whether, after thus flying off at a right angle, it would have done a serious mischief to any numscull who might have wickedly stood just where he ought not, is more than we can precisely say: possibly not, but the fact of its flying off at all, suggests the moral propriety of your protecting any given blockhead who may chance to be staring at you whilst practising, by declining to waste powder and shot *on him*. Then again as to range. There is no saying *how* far a ball will fly if the muzzle of the gun is elevated. If pointed at an angle of 15°, certainly not much less than a mile! Nay, if at all highly charged, we think much further! We have fired on a smooth sea-beach of fine shell sand, and have picked up the balls at a thousand, and even eleven hundred yards off, though fired without any elevation. They would first pitch somewhere about two hundred yards off, and then go hopping on the remainder of the way, dashing up the sand less and less at every rebound.

One word as to ordering a rifle:—first as to its length—the longer the barrel is the steadier you can hold it, and the less will be the angle of divergence in case your hand shakes; and therefore the better you will shoot, *cæteris paribus.* However, as every one who shoots for amusement looks more or less to appearances, and as there is *no* doubt that a barrel two feet six inches in length *looks* much neater, and is more "handy," than one of three feet, perhaps the former length will be considered sufficient. We however strongly advise you not to adopt anything shorter than this, for if you do, you will increase the difficulty of hitting your mark out of all proportion. If you doubt this, take two pistols, one of a four-inch, and the other of a twelve-inch barrel, or if you please two rifles, one of two feet, and the other three feet; try them, and we will answer for your becoming a convert to our opinion in three shots each; and the greater the distance at which you try them, the more glaring will be your mistake. "Oh but," say the gunmakers, "three feet is too long for a small charge of powder, which is consumed before it gets half way out of such a barrel, and thus the remaining half being so much extra friction, your long barrel will not shoot nearly so far with a proper charge as a barrel of two feet; at all events in small bores." This is perfectly true, but is not nevertheless the real reason for their preferring the short barrel. The fact is, they find it necessary to please the eye of their customers, and we think they act prudently in so doing. This reason, however, is more than outweighed by the advantage of being able to hold the long barrel steadier, for the difference in range is but trifling. The next point is weight; and here again you may take it as an axiom, that the heavier your barrel is the steadier you can hold it, provided of course it is manageable. First, because there is less recoil; secondly, because a certain amount of weight steadies the muscles of the arms; and thirdly, because there is less vibration or expansion at the moment of discharge. Hence the barrel should not only be of a certain thickness, but should also be of the same thickness "from end to end," to equalize the vibration, and should not weigh less than five pounds. If you are strong, and can manage a six or seven pound barrel, so much the better, and of course the larger the bore is, the heavier the barrel should be. Here again the gunmakers interpose—"great weight," say they, "is useless: for a gun which vibrates equally shoots as true as one which does not vibrate at all." This, too, is true in theory, and would be so in practice if no part of the barrel rested on your hand, or the stock, or anything else; but it is evident that even the rib of a thin barrel must create a slight inequality of vibration, for it manifestly checks the expansion of the lower side of the barrel to a certain extent. To satisfy yourself, rest your barrel firmly on any hard substance, and you will find your gun invariably shoot too high. But here, as in the former instance, our friends, the gunmakers, have other reasons besides those assigned,—they imagine that the fatigue of carrying a heavy barrel might prove a trial of temper, besides which the heavy barrel costs *them* more!

A third point is as to guage: a ball of sixty to the pound will shoot perfectly well at a hundred yards, and one of forty to the pound, at a hundred and fifty yards, *in calm weather*. If, however, the wind is blowing across the line of flight, such balls are liable to be blown considerably out of the way, and consequently the difficulty of shooting is much increased, because, in such cases, you must allow for the wind. This, to us, increases the interest, and we prefer a ball of about forty to anything larger. No doubt, however, from twenty to thirty is a better size, and will fly more accurately at long ranges. It is a mistake, however, to have very large balls. If your life depends on it, as in tiger, or bear hunting, where the question is one of survivorship between you and your game, an ounce ball would of course be preferable to a twenty-five, more particularly if your life is not insured. But for all ordinary purposes—target or cliff shooting—the latter size answers better. We may as well here enter our protest against the common method of sighting a rifle—with the hindmost back sight regulated for a hundred yards—in consequence of which, if you fire quick at near objects, such as sea birds on the wing, you generally discover that you ought to have aimed four inches or more *below* the object. The back sight should be regulated for point-blank, or nearly so, say forty yards. As to hair triggers, we highly disapprove of them, and reprobate and abuse them on every possible occasion, but use them ourselves notwithstanding; enjoying, as most men do in such cases, the comfortable, though somewhat unphilosophic assurance, that no accident will ever happen *to us*. They *are*, however, very dangerous, for if at all excited, nothing but very long practice can ensure sufficient self-possession, and fineness of finger, to use them with safety; and then if you do not use them, you miss to a certainty, and if you do, you run great risk of furnishing the melancholy accident maker to the morning papers with a "dreadful catastrophe," in which either you or your intimate friend cuts a prominent figure. If your lock is good, and pulls easy, there is no occasion for a hair trigger; but if you *will* have one, let it be a double trigger, to use which the hair trigger need not, and never should be, set till the gun is pointed towards the object, and by attending to this rule the danger of an accident is indefinitely lessened.

Now we have mentioned a few, and but a few, of the most important points which occur to us—principally because we have not seen them sufficiently insisted upon elsewhere. For a variety of other good practical rules we refer you to the Baron De Berenger's "Helps and Hints," which, independently of the fund of instruction and amusement comprised in the rest of the work, contains "Instructions on Rifle and Pistol Shooting" well worthy of your most attentive perusal. We differ from him partially, it is true, on one or two points—we should be glad to see the man from whom we should not—but there is one in particular which we here mention, as we consider it of sufficient importance to justify our hazarding an opinion, with a view to its being thoroughly discussed. The Baron recommends "pressing the butt of the rifle *firmly* into the hollow of the shoulder." Now, after much practice on this plan, we found on trial that we shot twice as well when we did not *press* the rifle against the shoulder at all. Nay, we do not even grasp the stock firmly with either hand, and find the muscles far steadier when thus at rest than when exerted; nor do we know that we should ever advise the gun to be held tightly to the shoulder, unless you are already panting from exertion, or quivering from agitation, or unless the wind is blowing you about so that you cannot keep steady. We should, however, in fairness state, that our nervous system predominates over our muscular, and we can easily imagine that the Baron's rule may be best adapted to a muscular arm.

We may possibly have something more to say about rifle shooting hereafter, and should certainly have extended the present article to a greater length, but that we hope shortly to see the subject resumed by the Baron De Berenger, and others more competent. Wishing you, gentle reader, the nerves of "The Leatherstocking" himself for your next day's ball practice, we for the present bid you farewell. CRACK.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1837.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

A Fragment, by Tom Hood.

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER ULT., EDITED BY Jonathan Duggins, Esq.

Up at six—Told Mrs. D. I'd got werry pressing business at Woolwich, and off to Old Fish-street, where a werry sporting breakfast, consisting of jugged hare, partridge pie, tally-ho sauce, gunpowder tea, and-cætera, vos laid out in Figgins's warehouse; as he didn't choose Mrs. F. and his young hinfant family to know he vos a-goin to hexpose himself with fire-harms.

After a good blow-out, sallied forth with our dogs and guns, namely, Mrs. Wiggin's French poodle, Miss Selina Higgin's real Blenheim spaniel, young Hick's ditto, Mrs. Figgins's pet bull-dog, and my little thorough-bred terrier; all which had been smuggled to Figgin's varehouse the night before, to perwent domestic disagreeables.

Got into a Paddington bus at the Bank. Row vith tiger, who objected to take dogs, unless paid hextra. Hicks said ve'd a right to take 'em, and quoted the hact. Tiger said the hact only allowed parcels carried on the lap. Accordingly tied up the dogs in our pocket handkerchiefs, and carried them and the guns on our knees.

Got down at Paddington; and, after glasses round, valked on till ve got into the fields, to a place which Higgins had baited with corn and penny rolls every day for a month past. Found a covey of birds feeding. Dogs werry eager, and barked beautiful. Birds got up and turned out to be pigeons. Debate as to vether pigeons vos game or not. Hicks said they were made game on by the

new hact. Fired accordingly, and half killed two of these, vich half fell to th[e] ground; but suddenly got up again and flew off. Reloaded, and pigeons cam[e] round again. Let fly a second time, and tumbled two or three more over, bu[t] didn't bag any.

Tired at last, and turned into the Dog and Partridge to get a snack. Landlo[rd] laughed, and asked how ve vos hoff for tumblers. Didn't understand him, bu[t] got some valuable information about loading our guns, vich he strongly recom[-] mended mixing the powder and shot well up together before putting into the ba[r-] rel, and showed Figgins how to charge his percussion; vich being Figgins['s] first attempt under the new system, he had made the mistake of putting a charg[e] of copper caps into the barrel, instead of sticking von of 'em atop of the touc[h-] hole.

Left the Dog and Partridge, and took a north-easterly direction, so as to hav[e] the adwantage of the vind on our backs. Dogs getting werry riotous, and re[-] fusing to answer to Figgin's vhistle, which had unfortunately got a pea in it.[—] Getting over an hedge into a field, Hicks's gun accidentally hexploded, and sh[ot] Wiggins behind; and my gun going off unexpectedly at the same momen[t] singed avay von of my viskers and blinded one of my heyes. Carried Wi[g-] gins back to the inn; dressed his vound, and rubbed my eye with cherry brand[y] and my viskers with bear's grease. Sent poor W. home by a short stage, an[d] resumed our sport.

Heard some pheasants crowing by the side of a plantation. Resolved to sto[p] their cockadooledoing, so set off at a jog trot. Passing thro' a field of bone ma[-] nure, the dogs unfortunately set to vork upon the bones, and ve couldn't get'e[m] to move a step further at no price. Got vithin gun-shot of two of the bird[s] vich Higgins said they vos two game cocks; but Hicks, who had been to Ves[t-] minster Pit, said no sitch thing; as game cocks had got short square tails, an[d] smooth necks, and long military spurs; and these had got long curly tails, a[nd] necks all over hair, and scarce any spurs at all. Shot at 'em as pheasants, an[d] believe ve killed 'em both; but hearing some orrid screams come out of the pla[n-] tation immediately hafter, ve all took to our 'eels, and ran avay vithout stoppin[g] to pick either of 'em up. After running about two miles, Hicks called out [to] stop, as he had hobserved a covey of vild ducks feeding on a pond by the road[-] side. Got behind a haystack and shot at the ducks, vich svam avay under th[e] trees. Figgins wolunteered to scramble down the bank, and hook out the dea[d] uns with the but-end of his gun. Unfortunately the bank failed, and poor F[.] tumbled up to his neck in the pit. Made a rope of our pocket handkerchiefs, g[ot] it round his neck, and dragged him to the Dog and Doublet, vere ve had him p[ut] to bed, and dried.

Werry sleepy vith the hair and hexercise, so after dinner took a nap a-piece.[—] Woke by the landlord coming to know if ve vos the gentlemen as had shot th[e] hunfortinate nurse, maid and child in Mr. Smithville's plantation. Swore v[e] knew nothing about it, and vile the landlord was gone to deliver our messag[e] got out of the back vindow, and ran avay across the fields. At the end of [a] mile, came suddenly upon a strange sort of bird, which Hicks declared to be th[e] cock-of-the-woods. Sneaked behind him and killed him. Turned out to be [a] peacock. Took to our heels again, as ve saw the lord of the manor and two [of] his servants, with bludgeons, coming down the gravel valk towards us. Foun[d] it getting late, so agreed to shoot our vay home. Didn't know vere ve vos, b[ut] kept going on. At last got to a sort of plantation, vere ve saw a great ma[ny] birds perched about. Gave 'em a broadside, and brought down several. Loade[d] again, and brought down another brace. Thought ve should make a good day['s] vork of it at last, and vos preparing to charge agin, ven two of the new pol[ice] came and took us up in the name of the Zoological Society, in whose gardens [it] seems ve had been shooting. Handed off to the Public Hoffice, and werry he[a-] vily fined, and wery sewerely reprimanded by the sitting majistrate. Comi[ng] avay, met by the landlord of the Dog and Doublet, who charged us vith runnin[g] off without paying our shot: and Mr. Smithville, who accused us of manslaug[h-] tering the nursemaid and child; and, their wounds not being declared immorta[l,] ve vos sent to spend the night in prison—and thus ended my last First of Sept[ember.]

London Comic Almanac, for 183[7.]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, off[ers] for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisk[er,] full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himse[lf.] See English Racing Calendar. [SOLD.]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out [of] the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a rac[er.] He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile he[ats] against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, [full] sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New Yo[rk.] He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in N[ew] Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfre[d,] her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There [are] very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse [of] good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purcha[sed] by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was [the] winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 183[6.]

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Wofu[l—gr.] dam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has ne[ver] been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of M[on-] mouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlo[tte] Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie [see] No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, [out] of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, import[ed,] out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trust[ee.]

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, [by] Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. ho[rse] Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Bo[ok,] page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sis[ter] to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See A[m.] Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expe[ri-] ment, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam [by] Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, [by] Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; [see] Goodrish's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Ca[len-] dar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Hi[gh-] lander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the In[dian] Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States [and] in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, [but] will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, [and] the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [d24-6m]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. SLEEPER, the following Thorough Bred Horses [are] offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them [at] very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (the full brother to Virginian), her da[m] Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Fly[ing] Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar ma[re,] her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he [by] Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Pr[ice] $200.

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $200.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Fly[ing] Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, ou[t of] the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam [by] Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny [Ca-] meron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northamp[ton,] out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. No[rth-] ampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ances[tor] old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebr[ated] mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Pr[ice] $900.

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who [was] imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdo[wn.] Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)

Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWAR[T.]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh 18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anth[ony] Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for [time] and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundre[ds of] persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasiu[m.]

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishme[nt in] Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual.

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'cl[ock.]

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sites add steady nerves, strong muscles, quick sight, and perpetual practice, and there is no limit to accuracy in rifle-shooting.

Now to be serious a little. We must give you one caution—earnestly do we beseech you to attend to it. It is, not merely never to let your rifle be pointed towards man or beast, unless you *intend* to kill, for that applies equally to any other kind of fire-arms, and besides would be merely an extract—we quote from memory—from Colonel Hawker; but never to fire it in any direction unless you can see EXACTLY where the ball will fly. *Experto crede.*—a rifle ball always flies to the devil! nothing will stop it but a nearly perpendicular object: a mere hill will not do, for unless the bank is very steep, and soft withal, away it goes, with a whirr-r-iew-whewh! of agony which makes your heart ache. Remember, too, that the danger is great in proportion to the size of the ball. We were practising in our younger days, with an old Ferguson's rifle, which carried a ball of about twelve to the pound, at a target placed against a perpendicular cliff of rock. The ball struck on one side of an angle, formed by a wide and shallow cleft in the rock, came off from the other, and took its departure, whistling, or rather howling, in a manner which electrified us. Whether, after thus flying off at a right angle, it would have done a serious mischief to any numscull who might have wickedly stood just where he ought not, is more than we can precisely say: possibly not, but the fact of its flying off at all, suggests the moral propriety of your protecting any given blockhead who may chance to be staring at you whilst practising, by declining to waste powder and shot *on him.* Then again as to range. There is no saying *how* far a ball will fly if the muzzle of the gun is elevated. If pointed at an angle of 15°, certainly not much less than a mile! Nay if at all highly charged, we think much further! We have fired on a smooth sea-beach of fine shell sand, and have picked up the balls at a thousand and even eleven hundred yards off, though fired without any elevation. They would first pitch somewhere about two hundred yards off, and then go hopping on the remainder of the way, dashing up the sand less and less at every rebound.

One word as to ordering a rifle:—first as to its length—the longer the barrel is the steadier you can hold it, and the less will be the angle of divergence in case your hand shakes; and therefore the better you will shoot, *cæteris paribus.* However, as every one who shoots for amusement looks more or less to appearances, and as there is no doubt that a barrel two feet six inches in length *looks* much neater, and is more "handy," than one of three feet, perhaps the former length will be considered sufficient. We however strongly advise you not to adopt anything shorter than this, for if you do, you will increase the difficulty of hitting your mark out of all proportion. If you doubt this, take two pistols, one of a four-inch, and the other of a twelve-inch barrel, or if you please two rifles, one of two feet, and the other three feet; try them, and we will answer for your becoming a convert to our opinion in three shots each; and the greater the distance at which you try them, the more glaring will be your mistake. "Oh but," say the gunmakers, "three feet is too long for a small charge of powder, which is consumed before it gets half way out of such a barrel, and thus the remaining half being so much extra friction, your long barrel will not shoot nearly so far with a proper charge as a barrel of two feet; at all events in small bores." This is perfectly true, but is not nevertheless the real reason for their preferring the short barrel. The fact is, they find it necessary to please the eye of their customers, and we think they act prudently in so doing. This reason, however, is more than outweighed by the advantage of being able to hold the long barrel steadier, for the difference in range is but trifling. The next point is weight; and here again you may take it as an axiom, that the heavier your barrel is the steadier you can hold it, provided of course it is manageable. First, because there is less recoil; secondly, because a certain amount of weight steadies the muscles of the arms; and thirdly, because there is less vibration or expansion at the moment of discharge. Hence the barrel should not only be of a certain thickness, but should also be of the same thickness "from end to end," to equalize the vibration, and should not weigh less than five pounds. If you are strong, and can manage a six or seven pound barrel, so much the better, and of course the larger the bore is, the heavier the barrel should be. Here again the gunmakers interpose—"great weight," say they, "is useless; for a gun which vibrates equally shoots as true as one which does not vibrate at all." This, too, is true in theory, and would be so in practice if no part of the barrel rested on your hand, or the stock, or anything else; but it is evident that even the rib of a thin barrel must create a slight inequality of vibration, for it manifestly checks the expansion of the lower side of the barrel to a certain extent. To satisfy yourself, rest your barrel firmly on any hard substance, and you will find your gun invariably shoot too high. But here, as in the former instance, our friends, the gunmakers, have other reasons besides those assigned,—they imagine that the fatigue of carrying a heavy barrel might prove a trial of temper, besides which the heavy barrel costs *them* more!

A third point is as to guage: a ball of sixty to the pound will shoot perfectly well at a hundred yards, and one of forty to the pound, at a hundred and fifty yards, *in calm weather.* If, however, the wind is blowing across the line of flight, such balls are liable to be blown considerably out of the way, and consequently the difficulty of shooting is much increased, because, in such cases, you must allow for the wind. This, to us, increases the interest, and we prefer a ball of about forty to anything larger. No doubt, however, from twenty to thirty is a better size, and will fly more accurately at long ranges. It is a mistake, however, to have very large balls. If your life depends on it, as in tiger, or bear hunting, where the question is one of survivorship between you and your game, an ounce ball would of course be preferable to a twenty-five, more particularly if your life is not insured. But for all ordinary purposes—target or cliff shooting—the latter size answers better. We may as well here enter our protest against the common method of sighting a rifle—with the hindmost back sight regulated for a hundred yards—in consequence of which, if you fire quick at near objects, such as sea birds on the wing, you generally discover that you ought to have aimed four inches or more *below* the object. The back sight should be regulated for point-blank, or nearly so, say forty yards. As to hair triggers, we highly disapprove of them, and reprobate and abuse them on every possible occasion, but use them ourselves notwithstanding; enjoying, as most men do in such cases, the comfortable, though somewhat unphilosophic assurance, that no accident will ever happen *to us.* They *are,* however, very dangerous, for if at all excited, nothing but very long practice can ensure sufficient self-possession, and fineness of finger, to use them with safety; and then if you do not use them, you miss to a certainty, and if you do, you run great risk of furnishing the melancholy accident maker to the morning papers with a "dreadful catastrophe," in which either you or your intimate friend cuts a prominent figure. If your lock is good, and pulls easy, there is no occasion for a hair trigger; but if you *will* have one, let it be a double trigger, to use which the hair trigger need not, and never should be, set till the gun is pointed towards the object, and by attending to this rule the danger of an accident is indefinitely lessened.

Now we have mentioned a few, and but a few, of the most important points which occur to us—principally because we have not seen them sufficiently insisted upon elsewhere. For a variety of other good practical rules we refer you to the Baron De Berenger's "Helps and Hints," which, independently of the fund of instruction and amusement comprised in the rest of the work, contains "Instructions on Rifle and Pistol Shooting" well worthy of your most attentive perusal. We differ from him partially, it is true, on one or two points—we should be glad to see the man from whom we should not—but there is one in particular which we here mention, as we consider it of sufficient importance to justify our hazarding an opinion, with a view to its being thoroughly discussed. The Baron recommends "pressing the butt of the rifle *firmly* into the hollow of the shoulder." Now, after much practice on this plan, we found on trial that we shot twice as well when we did not *press* the rifle against the shoulder at all. Nay, we do not even grasp the stock firmly with either hand, and find the muscles far steadier when thus at rest than when exerted; nor do we know that we should ever advise the gun to be held tightly to the shoulder, unless you are already panting from exertion, or quivering from agitation, or unless the wind is blowing you about so that you cannot keep steady. We should, however, in fairness state that our nervous system predominates over our muscular, and we can easily imagine that the Baron's rule may be best adapted to a muscular arm.

We may possibly have something more to say about rifle shooting hereafter, and should certainly have extended the present article to a greater length, but that we hope shortly to see the subject resumed by the Baron De Berenger, and others more competent. Wishing you, gentle reader, the nerves of "The Leatherstocking" himself for your next day's ball practice, we for the present bid you farewell.

CRACK.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1837.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

A Fragment, by Tom Hood.

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Up at six.—Told Mrs. D. I'd got werry pressing business at Woolwich, and off to Old Fish-street, where a werry sporting breakfast, consisting of jugged hare, partridge pie, tally-ho sauce, gunpowder tea, and-cætera, vos laid out in Figgins's warehouse; as he didn't choose Mrs. F. and his young hinfant family to know he vos a-goin to hexpose himself with fire-harms.

After a good blow-out, sallied forth with our dogs and guns, namely, Mrs. Wiggin's French poodle, Miss Selina Higgin's real Blenheim spaniel, young Hick's ditto, Mrs. Figgins's pet bull-dog, and my little thorough-bred terrier; all which had been smuggled to Figgin's varehouse the night before, to perwent domestic disagreeables.

Got into a Paddington bus at the Bank. Row vith tiger, who objected to take dogs, unless paid hextra. Hicks said ve'd a right to take 'em, and quoted the hact. Tiger said the hact only allowed parcels carried on the lap. Accordingly tied up the dogs in our pocket handkerchiefs, and carried them and the guns on our knees.

Got down at Paddington; and, after glasses round, valked on till ve got into the fields, to a place which Higgins had baited with corn and penny rolls every day for a month past. Found a covey of birds feeding. Dogs werry eager, and barked beautiful. Birds got up and turned out to be pigeons. Debate as to vether pigeons vos game or not. Hicks said they were made game on by the

new hact. Fired accordingly, and half killed two of these, vich half fell to the ground; but suddenly got up again and flew off. Reloaded, and pigeons came round again. Let fly a second time, and tumbled two or three more over, but didn't bag any.

Tired at last, and turned into the Dog and Partridge to get a snack. Landlord laughed, and asked how ve vos hoff for tumblers. Didn't understand him, but got some valuable information about loading our guns, vich he strongly recommended mixing the powder and shot well up together before putting into the barrel, and showed Figgins how to charge his percussion; vich being Figgins's first attempt under the new system, he had made the mistake of putting a charge of copper caps into the barrel, instead of sticking von of 'em atop of the touch-hole.

Left the Dog and Partridge, and took a north-easterly direction, so as to have the advantage of the vind on our backs. Dogs getting werry riotous, and refusing to answer to Figgin's vhistle, which had unfortunately got a pea in it.—Getting over an hedge into a field, Hicks's gun accidentally hexploded, and shot Wiggins behind; and my gun going off unexpectedly at the same moment, singed avay von of my viskers and blinded one of my heyes. Carried Wiggins back to the inn; dressed his vound, and rubbed my eye with cherry brandy, and my viskers with bear's grease. Sent poor W. home by a short stage, and resumed our sport.

Heard some pheasants crowing by the side of a plantation. Resolved to stop their cockadooledoing, so set off at a jog trot. Passing thro' a field of bone manure, the dogs unfortunately set to vork upon the bones, and ve couldn't get'em to move a step further at no price. Got vithin gun-shot of two of the birds, vich Higgins said they vos two game cocks; but Hicks, who had been to Vestminster Pit, said no sitch thing; as game cocks had got short square tails, and smooth necks, and long military spurs; and these had got long curly tails, and necks all over hair, and scarce any spurs at all. Shot at 'em as pheasants, and believe ve killed 'em both; but hearing some orrid screams come out of the plantation immediately hafter, ve all took to our 'eels, and ran avay vithout stopping to pick either of 'em up. After running about two miles, Hicks called out to stop, as he had hobserved a covey of vild ducks feeding on a pond by the road's side. Got behind a haystack and shot at the ducks, vich svam avay under the trees. Figgins wolunteered to scramble down the bank, and hook out the dead uns with the but-end of his gun. Unfortunately the bank tailed, and poor F. tumbled up to his neck in the pit. Made a rope of our pocket handkerchiefs, got it round his neck, and dragged him to the Dog and Doublet, vere ve had him put to bed, and dried.

Werry sleepy vith the hair and hexercise, so after dinner took a nap a-piece.—Woke by the landlord coming to know if ve vos the gentlemen as had shot the hunfortinate nurse, maid and child in Mr. Smithville's plantation. Swore ve knew nothing about it, and vile the landlord was gone to deliver our message, got out of the back vindow, and ran avay across the fields. At the end of a mile, came suddenly upon a strange sort of bird, which Hicks declared to be the cock-of-the-woods. Sneaked behind him and killed him. Turned out to be a peacock. Took to our heels again, as ve saw the lord of the manor and two of his servants, with bludgeons, coming down the gravel valk towards us. Found it getting late, so agreed to shoot our vay home. Didn't know vere ve vos, but kept going on. At last got to a sort of plantation, vere ve saw a great many birds perched about. Gave 'em a broadside, and brought down several. Loaded again, and brought down another brace. Thought ve should make a good day's vork of it at last, and vos preparing to charge agin, ven two of the new police came and took us up in the name of the Zoological Society, in whose gardens it seems ve had been shooting. Handed off to the Public Hoffice, and werry heavily fined, and wery sewerely reprimanded by the sitting majistrate. Coming avay, met by the landlord of the Dog and Doublet, who charged us vith running off without paying our shot; and Mr. Smithville, who accused us of manslaughtering the nursemaid and child; and, their wounds not being declared immortal, ve vos sent to spend the night in prison—and thus ended my last First of Sept.

London Comic Almanac, for 1837.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [SOLD.]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [d21-6m

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

IN consequence of the death of Mr. J. SLEEPER, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (the full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.

No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $200.

No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $200.

No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.

No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.

No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.

No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.

No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.

No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.

No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.

No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $800.

No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.

No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)

Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWART.

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh 18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual.

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Pipensy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 11 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D. I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs., 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs. and beating b. c. Lottery out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,900*l.*, and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Linnet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g. grandam by Crag's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley. Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not withdrawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever run in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1834.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:49; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was lamed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1834.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats: 1st heat, 5:54—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Angora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee,) Four mile heats, for $5000 a side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner (Mr. Burbridge) intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that no entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor do I ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col. Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F4] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

ELEGANT TIMING WATCHES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and is constantly receiving the above articles, all of which are made expressly to order, for the purpose of *marking time* very accurately; together with a general assortment of London, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. These Watches having been closely tested, are allowed by Judges to be the best article ever introduced for the above purpose. The watches being all warranted, the money will be refunded if they should not prove satisfactory to the recommendation.

Also a general assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, and silver ware, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine at his store, No. 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip. [F18-tf.] WM. F. GRIFFEN.

* What possible inducement can there be for holding back?—tis the last heat—each have won one—reputation, and double the amount of money, is to be gained by running for it.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837. [A1.]

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year, at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 3000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by an examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree, gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America, or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of 3 and 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5½ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Fraxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he ran second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each, for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1.51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1½ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Standard; Mr. Painter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Mslomau, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22. *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23¼.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 211—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £50, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lbs., (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter. I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. JAMES BATHGATE.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark*, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season. A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE.

ANDREW.

HAVING purchased an interest in the celebrated Stallion and Race Horse, ANDREW, he will make his season this Spring at Newmarket, within one mile of Petersburg, and will be at his stand ready to serve mares by the 15th March. Terms and particulars in a few days.

Petersburg, Feb. 22, 1837. [mh4] O. P. HARE.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- **Baltimore, Md.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
- " " Match, 4 mile heats, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 17th May.
- " " Match, 3 mile heats, $3000 aside. *Langford*, vs Sir Charles colt, May 17.
- **Batesville, Ark.** - Match, mile heats, $600, *Octavia Walton* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 6th May.
- " " Match, 2 mile h., $1000 a side, *Sir William* vs. *Independence*, May 4th.
- " " Match, 1 m. $200, a-side, *Ella Wickham* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 17th May.
- **Burksville, Ky.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday 9th May.
- **Crab Orchard, Ky** - Spring Hill Course, annual Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 1st June.
- **Centreville, L. I.** - Trotting Course, Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
- **Columbus, Ga.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, Western Course, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
- **Columbus, Miss.** - Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May.
- **Culpepper C. H., Va.** Annual Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May.
- **Cynthiana, Ky.** - Annual Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th May.
- **Fairfield, Va.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
- **Fredericksburg, Va.** Mulberry Course, Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
- **Florence, Ala.** - Match, One mile, P.P., $1000 a-side, *Sarah Bladen*, vs. b. f. by Wild Bill and Cripple, both 2 yrs. during the month of May.
- **Greensburgh, Ky.** - Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
- **Hunting Park, Pa.** - Trotting Course, near Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, May 9.
- **Kendall Course,** - Near Baltimore, Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 2d May.
- **Lexington, Ky.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
- **Lynchburg, Va.** - Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
- **Montgomery, Ala.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th May.
- **Nashville, Tenn.** - Match, — heats, $5,000 a-side, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
- **New Orleans, La.** - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
- **New York City.** - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
- **Newport, Ky.** - Newport and Covington Asso., Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st May.
- **Norfolk, Va.** - Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
- **Philadelphia, Pa.** - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
- **Tree Hill, Va.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May. On the 1st day, a Match, 2 m. h., $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, vs. *Va. Timberlake*.
- **Vicksburg, Miss.** - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th May.
- **Vicksburg, Miss.** - Match, — heats, $1000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f by Leviathan & Bertrand.
- **Washington City.** - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesvile, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. Noland.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m1

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure. [A8

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John Crowell's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala., at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. Tunstall.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. Davis, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for $3.*

Blooded Stock of R. & J. M. Pindell, of Kentucky.

1. Marcella, a chesnut, about fifteen years old, brought from Virginia to this state by the late Mr. Horatio Turpin—by Sir Alfred—Lucifer, (the dam of Sir Hal,) imp. Saltram—imp. Medley—Young Aristotle, he by imp. Aristotle.—The pedigree of Lucifer is recorded in Turf Reg. vol. iii. p. 639. This mare was purchased from Mr. Lewis Smith and Mr. George N. Sanders, of this state, who furnished the above pedigree, certified by Dr. Turpin, of Va. and the papers of her late owner. She is the dam of *Fanny Wright*, (now Chesnut Maria,) who beat Dick Chinn, of Red River, and Chorister, winner of the two mile day over the Oakland Course, Spring 1836, and others. She is in foal to Bertrand.

2. B. f. by imp. Sarpedon, out of No. 1.

3. Miss Tiger, g. m. nine years old, by Tiger—Darnaby's Diomede—Wild Medley—Marquis of Granby, out of a thorough-bred mare. This mare is out of the dam of McDonough, whose only race is the best mile race in Kentucky, first heat, 1:52, second, 1:48. See Turf Reg., vol. ii. p. 561. Miss Tiger's first colt, Blank, won the Pool race, Spring 1836, over the Oakland Course, at three heats, not pressed, in 1:55—1:57—1:55. See Turf Reg., July No. 1836. She is in foal to Columbus.

4. Kate Biddle, b. f. by Collier, a yearling, out of No. 3.

5. Birdcatcher, gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of No. 3, foaled May 31st, 1836.

6. Broken leg mare, bay, by Hamiltonian—Fearnought—Medley. This mare's dam was brought from Virginia, more than thirty-five years since. We are informed, by Mr. John Pickett, the old gentleman who brought her, that he came from near Boling Green, that the mare was of Col. Hoome's stock and thorough-bred, that he once had her pedigree. She and her colts show blood in the highest degree.

7. Pat Brown, ch. c. foaled Spring of 1835, by Muckle John, out of No. 6.

8. Hagar, b. f. foaled Spring of 1836, by McDonough, out of No. 6.

R. & J. M. Pindell, *Carlisle Place, Fayette Co., Ky., Jan. 2, 1837.*

We find the following banter in the New Orleans Commercial Herald of the 8th instant:

A Race.—We the subscriber can BEAT any Creole HORSE, MARE, or GELDING, over the CARROLLTON TRACK One Mile, or One Mile and Repeat, or the best in Three, for the sum of TWO THOUSAND or THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!! MILO WILLIAMS.

Dreadful Panther Fight.—The following statement of an incident, remarkable if true, we copy from the Yazoo (Miss.) Register of the 18th ult:—The Keel Boat ——, in ascending the Yazoo river last week, lay by for the night; about nine o'clock while the crew were seated in the cabin, a large panther sprang in at the door, and seized one of the men by the shoulder. The other three men rushed to his assistance, and endeavored in vain to extricate him from the terrible jaws of the monster; one of them took up a rifle and levelled it at the panther, but it missed fire; he then obtained a Bowie knife, and plunged it into the heart of the beast. The poor boatman was most horribly mangled, having his shoulder nearly torn off, and his body dreadfully lacerated.

An accident befel the Birmingham "down" mail on Monday night, which was near being attended with the most frightful consequences. The coachman, it appears, had neglected to put the skid on at Fenny Compton Bridge, and the coach, overpowering the horses, forced them on a small heap of stones at the side of the road, there being nothing in the shape of rails to protect them, although the drop from it on the right side was ten or eleven feet deep, and the leaders were pulled aside, but the off-wheeler fell over, and actually hung by his collar with his legs upwards, the coach being kept from going over after him by the providential interposition of the stones—the fore wheel was not more than six inches from the edge of the road; had the horse been strangled nothing could have prevented its going over. The horse was kept suspended for nearly a quarter of an hour before he was extricated from his novel and perilous situation. The coachman's excuse for not putting on the skid was that he was bound to keep time, and dare not stop the coach.

Willis's beautiful story of *Lady Imogen Ravelgold*, (published simultaneously in the London New Monthly and the Mirror,) will be found entire on another page of this paper, and will be read with untiring interest by all lovers of the romantic realities of fashionable life. *The Pickwick Valentine*, another capital sketch by "Boz," now first published, is in his happiest style. We have also to-day one of Tom Hood's regular good things, from the English Comic Annual for 1837.

The Floating Theatre.—The Messrs. Chapmans arrived at our wharf a week since from Natchitoches, and have been playing to crowded houses every night. We are pleased to see them so liberally patronised by the citizens, and sincerely wish that they may not leave our village without being amply compensated for their untiring assiduity to please. The theatre imparts useful and instructive lessons to all who are susceptible of its effects! We think they would have more persons to witness their performances if they would throw in a few more extra comic songs. By particular request we are authorized to call for the play of Richard the Third. Planter's Intelligencer, Alexandria, La., March 29.

NEW YORK RACES.

First Spring Meeting, New York Races, 1837, will commence the 1st Tuesday, 2d of May.

First Day.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year old's. Ent. $300, ft. $100. 18 subs.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names s. c. by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom and Henry.
3. " " produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Eclipse.
5. " " produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janet and Henry.
7. " " produce of Romp and Henry.
8. R. R. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
9. " " produce of Monmouth's dam and Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names br. c. Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names a Lovell colt out of Lucanor.
13. T. Pearsall names a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer and Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names Cornelia, by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

Same Day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
SECOND DAY.—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
THIRD DAY.—Purse $1000, Four mile heat.

[A15-3t.] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS, DAVID H. BRANCH.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Spring Meeting, 1837, over the CENTRAL COURSE, will commence (as usual) on the Third Tuesday in May, (16th of the month) and continue four days.

First Day—The Dorsey Stakes for 3 year olds. Mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100. Sixty-two subscribers! For a list of the entries see April number of Am. Turf Register.

Second Day—Two Match Races.—1st. Four mile heats, for $6000 a-side, between Mr. Wm. Coleman's colt Carroll, and Mr. John Heth's colt Decatur.

Same Day—Second Race.—A match, Three mile heats, for $3000 a-side, between Captain Stockton's Imp. colt Langford, and J. M. Selden's colt by Sir Charles.

The Craig Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, will also be run for the same day.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300, ft. 100, to close Monday preceding the races—now four subscribers.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Baltimore, April 25. [A29-2t.] JAMES M. SELDEN, Treas'r and Proprietor.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

No. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross, through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks,) out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. LEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

By ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

This universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.

April 22, 1837. [A29] W. LIVINGSTON.

Small and very fine bred White Terriers.

For SALE, a Dog and Slut, about six months old, very small and very handsome, supposed to be the handsomest and best bred ones in the United States. See last June number of the New York Sporting Magazine. Apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A29]

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

Expecting to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Cliffden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423.

[A15] T. E.

KENDALL COURSE, SPRING, 1837.

The Races over this Course will take place the 2d Tuesday, 9th of May, and continue four days.

The FIRST DAY will commence with a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit. Mile heats—6 subs. and closed, to wit:—

1. Jas. B. Kendall names br. c. Henry A. Wise, by Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood.
2. Jacob Dixon names ch. c. by Marylander, out of the dam of Experiment, by Rattler.
3. Col. W. R. Johnson names b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima, (W. Livingston's).
4. Col. John Heth names ch. f. by Eclipse out of Screamer.
5. Col. F. Thompson names f. Omega, by Timoleon, dam Dazie Cropper.
6. O. P. Hare names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Cobbs.

SAME DAY, Second Race.—A Sweepstakes now open for colts and fillies then three years old, bred or owned in Maryland as far South as the Rappahannock; $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; Mile heats, three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st May.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietor's Purse $100, Three mile heats, ent. $20.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats, ent. $30.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and the District of Columbia, ent. $15.

SAME DAY, Second Race.—A Sweepstakes for all ages, Two mile heats, ent. $100, 3 or more to make a race, to name and close the evening previous to the race.

All the above purses will be *paid in cash*, without discount.

The Course, which is an exact mile, is now in the most perfect order. Ample provisions have been made to accommodate gentlemen and horses visiting the course. Good stables and litter gratis. Food of every description will be provided for those who may want.

Persons wishing to engage in the Sweepstakes now open, will please address the proprietor at Baltimore. [A22] JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

Thomas Pearsall, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp. Whip, her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.

No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse; dam Sportsmistress.

No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 4.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7:56—7:50. She was the best get of Henry.

No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc.

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.

No. 7.—Ch. c., 15½ hands high, foaled 1833, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp; he is very promising.

No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1834, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs.

No. 9.—Ch. c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.

If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meeting at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

The Splendid Club Boat MINERVA, measuring 30 feet in length, complete with cushions, carpet, and all necessary appendages, together with the house at Castle Garden. To be seen in the Saloon at that place.

For further particulars enquire of T. REED, 80 Pine-street. [A1.]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES ARE OPEN to come off over the above Course:—

1. Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money, to come off the first week in May. Sub. $50, h. ft., and $50 added by the Proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over $50. To come off the 1st week in May. Sub. $100, h. ft., with $100 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

Both of the above Sweepstakes will be closed on the 22d inst. at 9 o'clock, P. M., at Randall Smith's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre, New York. Nominations to be made in writing, addressed to the Proprietor, at the above place.

JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence over the above course the 3d Wednesday, 17th of May, and continue three days, for which the following Purses will be offered:—

FIRST DAY.—A Purse of $300, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $200, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a Purse of $100, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse of $100.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $300, Three mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after, a PACING SWEEPSTAKES, under the saddle, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, No distance, sub. $25, and $50 added by the Proprietor. To close on the 1st day of the meeting. Three or more to make a race.

Centreville, L. I., April 14, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

☞ The Winner of either of the three Sweepstakes advertised in this paper will be excluded from entering for the two $100 purses advertised above. J. C.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

The following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500 declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Washington Course, D. C., Spring meeting, 1837, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d May, and continue four days.

First Day—First Race.—Post Stake. Three mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, for 4 year olds, Spring, 1837; to close 10th April.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson
2. Col. James M. Selden
3. Capt. John Heth
4. James S. Garrison.

Second Race—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837; five subs. and closed.

Francis Thompson enters the get of Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper.
T. R. S. Boyce enters b f by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
Gibson Mallory enters James C. Corbin's Eclipse colt.
James S. Garrison enters ch c by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White, by Sir Archie.
Geo. L. Stockett enters gr c by Medley, dam by Richmond.

Second Day—First Race—A Sweepstake race, $500 entrance, $150 forfeit, Mile heats, with colts and fillies, 3 years old, Spring, 1837; six subs. and closed.

W. J. Stratton enters bl c by Mercury, dam by Florizel.
John E. Dorsey enters b f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles.
T. R. S. Boyce names ba c by Imp. Apparition, dam by Diomed.
John Heth names gr f Gift, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.
James S. Garrison enters bl c Scipio, by Zingance, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie.
Mr. Booker enters b c by Zinganee.

Second Race—Washington Plate, value $500. Two mile heats, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; subscription depending on the number of subs.

Third Day—First Race.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats, $20 ent.

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, now open, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837, Mile heats, entrance $100, forfeit $50, confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland bred colts; to name and close 15th April; three or more to make a race.

Fourth Day—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, $30 ent.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the Post Stake at Washington City and the Sweepstakes at Maryland and District of Columbia bred colts, will, in my absence, address Mr. John Forde, Jr., Norfolk, Va., with their entries. JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

The NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter.

[F11-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

☞ The Editors of the Globe and National Intelligencer, Washington, are requested to give the above two weeks' insertion, from the 20th of Feb. and also from the 25th March until the day of the races, twice a-week, and charge it to account of J. S. G.

TROTTING HORSE "AWFUL" FOR SALE.

The very fast trotting horse "Awful," a bay gelding, 7 years old this Spring, 16 hands high, of fine action, and immense stride, perfectly sound, and kind in harness, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Awful is a thoroughbred horse, and comes off a good stock on both sides. Awful has trotted a mile under the saddle, upon the public Trotting Course, under two minutes forty seconds. He is so well known, by his performances on the Centreville and other courses, as to render any detail of his performances unnecessary. For terms apply to ISAAC ANDERSON, Jr.,

New York, Feb 22, 1837. [F22-tf.] No. 65 Watts-street.

RATS! RATS! RATS!

A PREMIUM of $15 will be paid to any person or persons who will catch and deliver 200 rats alive to the subscriber. Notice must be given a few days before the required number will be ready. [A8] JOHN BROWN, 23 Madison-st.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance $5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance 2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper* . . . $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. . 1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Long Island Races have so occupied us this week, that we have been unable to devote any attention to Green Room and other intelligence. Several communications that will hereafter appear, are omitted for the same reason.

A *Second* report of the Tappahannock Races has been received.

The result of the 1st day's races at Fairfield, Va., was not received in town when our paper was sent to press.

City subscribers, who have changed their residences, are requested to leave directions at the office where their papers shall be left.

Mrs. Gibbs leaves town for Boston next Monday.

Augusta had a very fine benefit last week.

Miss Clifton has been seriously indisposed at New Orleans, but is recovering, and will return to the North forthwith. There is an *on dit* that Mr. N. P. Willis has just completed a tragedy for her, that is to be produced immediately in Boston.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—consisting of 123 of the most distinguished—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 6.—Last night of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley's Engagement, and Mdlle Augusta's Benefit.—JULIE, or The Forced Marriage, and LA BAYADERE.

MONDAY, May 8.—First night of Miss Tree's engagement.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and PERFECTION.

TUESDAY, May 9—2d night of Miss Tree's engagement.—ION, and THE HAUNTED INN.

WEDNESDAY, May 10—1st night of Mr. G. H. Hill's engagement since his return from England.—KASPER HAUSER, and OLD DAYS IN VIRGINIA.

THURSDAY, May 11—3d night of Miss Tree's engagement, and 2d night of Mr. Hill's.—AS YOU LIKE IT, and JONATHAN DOUBIKINS.

FRIDAY, May 12—4th night of Miss Tree's engagement.—TWELFTH NIGHT, and THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7½.

AMERICAN THEATRE—BOWERY.

THIS EVENING, May 6—Mr. Marble's Benefit.—SAM PATCH, and the grand spectacle of EL HYDER.

MONDAY, May 8—Mr. Cooke's Benefit, and last night but one, when will be presented for the first time in this theatre, the drama of TIMOUR THE TARTAR, and Mr. Cooke's Infant Company in a variety of pieces.

TUESDAY, May 9—Mr. Flynn's Benefit, and last night of Mr. Cooke's Company.—TIMOUR THE TARTAR, and several favorite pieces.

WEDNESDAY, May 10—will be revived the favorite play of THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, and the farce of TOO LATE FOR DINNER.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—curtain rises at 7. Boxes 75 cts; Pit, 37½ cts; Gallery, 25 cts.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 6.—PET OF THE PETTICOATS, and WALLACE, THE HERO OF SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, May 8—John Sefton's Benefit—when will be produced a melo drama, Medora Byron. TRAMEO, or The White Warrior, with other entertainments. To conclude with (56th time) MOB THE OUTLAW.

TUESDAY, May 9.—TRAMEO, and MOB THE OUTLAW.

WEDNESDAY, May 10.—Mr. Thoman's Benefit.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commence at 7. Boxes 50 cts.; Pit 25 cts.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

MR. SOL. SMITH, of the firm of Ludlow and Smith, managers of the Mobile and St. Louis Theatres, will be in New York some time in the month of August, to make engagements for those theatres for the ensuing year. Notice will be given of his arrival there.

St. Louis, April 20, 1837.

☞ The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, the Boston Morning Post, and Philadelphia United States Gazette, are requested to insert the above one month each, and send their bills to this office. [m6]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

D. McKINNEY, of the firm of Dean & McKinney, Managers of the Eagle Street Theatre, Buffalo, and of the Theatres in Detroit, Columbus, Cleveland, and Rochester, will be in New York on or about the 20th instant, and will be happy to receive proposals from ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent, for engagements in the above named theatres. All communications (post paid) will be duly attended to.

Buffalo, April 7, 1837. [A15-tf.]

CAMP STREET THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE proprietor of this establishment and the Western Theatres, informs the Ladies and gentlemen of the Histrionic art, that in July he will be in New York, for the purpose of forming engagements for his ensuing season. Applications from persons of talent will meet with prompt attention; in the mean time he begs leave to state that Mr. John Povey, Park Theatre, is his authorized agent, and is fully empowered to negotiate for him. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to him at all times, and to the proprietor till the middle of May.

New Orleans, March 29, 1837. [A15-4t] RICHARD RUSSELL.

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

Extract of a letter from our correspondent, dated April 27, 1837.

The houses at the Tremont during the engagement of the Watsons, have been very *shy*—the Pirate Boy has been played every night—the music is delightful, particularly the Boat Duett, which is always doubly encored. Mrs. Watson is a charming singer, and so is Mr. Plumer. The Pirate Boy, as a piece, is truly absurd, and if printed, would be a valuable acquisition to the "Curiosities of Literature," but the musical arrangements are beautiful, and so far as the "getting up" is concerned, the opera is highly creditable to Mr. Barry. Balls, the prince of comedians, and Emma Wheatley, follows the Watsons.

At the National, Tom and Jerry is the great feature—what with good scenery, good music, &c. &c., and above all, the original Dusty Bob, the piece plays as it did in the days of "auld lang syne." Walbourne's dance in the "back slums" is indeed something entirely new on our stage, and irresistably comic. With the assistance of Walbourne, Taylor, and Davis, and Miss Johnson, ballets will be produced very effectively.

Mr. and Mrs. Hield have left the Tremont, but previous to leaving Boston, they are to play a short engagement at the National. Then they will visit New York for a short season, with Master Wm. Hield, on their way to the "far west."

The Lion Theatre is leased for a short time to Cooke, and will be opened soon.

Yours, &c. W. E.

On Monday evening the Keeley's were to perform at the Park. The bill was a very attractive one, and the house better than usual. Mrs. Keeley came on to play, and was received with plaudits, but before getting through the first scene she fainted, and was supported off the stage. Young Wheatley, who makes the apologies in the absence of Mr. Richings, and does it better than any other part he is cast to, came forward and said—

"Ladies and gentlemen—The manager requests me to inform you that it will be impossible for Mrs. Keeley to go through with the evening's performance, instead of which we will do Twice Killed; after which, the comedy of Paul Pry; to conclude with Nabob for an Hour. [Hisses.] The manager also wishes me to say that those who are dissatisfied will have their money returned at the door." [Tremendous applause.]

Has Mrs. Keeley been taking Brandreth's pills? Herald.

The Philadelphia Enquirer says Mr. Hackett appears to be doing very well as manager of the National Theatre.

"Very well" indeed, sir. He has shut it up. Sun.

The *Philadelphia Gazette* assures its readers that "some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar and as rough as a file. It is remarked of the wines of Stuggard," says the author, "that one is like a cat scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by her tail." Bibo Wilks, hearing this the other evening at Bellamy's, sagaciously remarked, "then every drinker should do as I do—*shoot the cat.*" Age.